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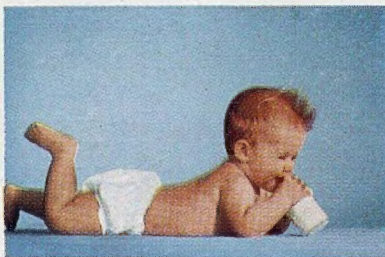
"Can I make it?"



"I can't wait!"



"Nearly!"



"Boy, that's good!"

Why should I wait for my Cow & Gate?

Every picture tells a story without words! Every mother will applaud this little fellow's efforts to reach and finally to secure what he wants! Words cannot adequately describe the joy a mother feels when, with her baby nestling in her arms, she holds his bottle and watches his quiet contentment.

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Your hair must be cut the way you comb it... the
way it grows. No use trying to force an upward

Steiner talks cutting

style if your hair grows naturally downward... or
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WADDINGTON'S FAMILY GAMES



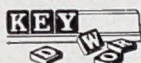
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Ideal for wear indoors.
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There's a Gor-Ray skirt for every occasion, each one definitely ... indisputably ... right. No wonder they say 'a Gor-Ray is the centre-piece of every wise girl's wardrobe'.

Prices range from **35/-** to **5 gns.**

GOR-RAY *Skirts one better!*



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reduce
weight
this
winter
safely,
comfortably

There's no reason whatever why you shouldn't get your weight down gradually during the winter and save all that drastic dieting in the spring.

Science has shown us that keeping weight down is largely a question of reducing the amount of starch we eat.

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SEVEN COLOURS

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CROSS-OVER STYLE
With generous reversible front
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SIZES	SW	W	FW	WX	OS
Bust	36	38	40	42	45
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Length	45	46	46	47	48

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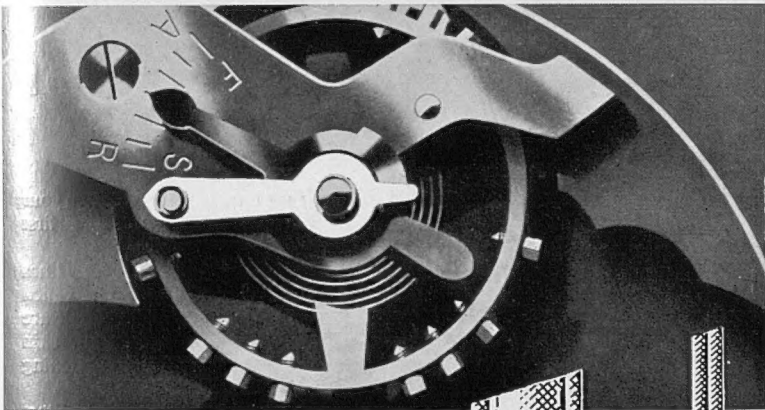
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Here is the watch's "heart"—the balance wheel, which swings back and forth many millions of times a year on tiny pivots which are but one seventy-fifth of an inch long and only three thousandths of an inch in diameter.

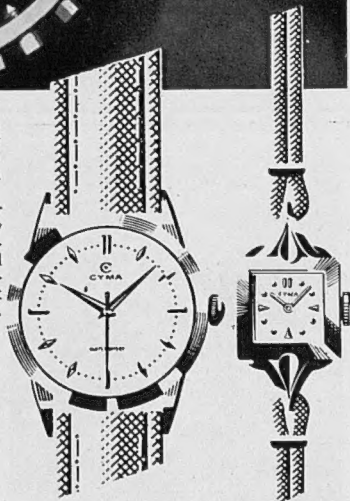
In unprotected watches even *one* shock can twist or fracture these pivots; but in CYMA Watches they are protected by the world's most resilient shock-absorber... CYMAFLEX... a patented jewelled "cushion" at each end of the balance staff. A masterpiece of micro-engineering, it gives virtually perfect protection against shock... a watch's worst enemy.

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Only compact makeup blended
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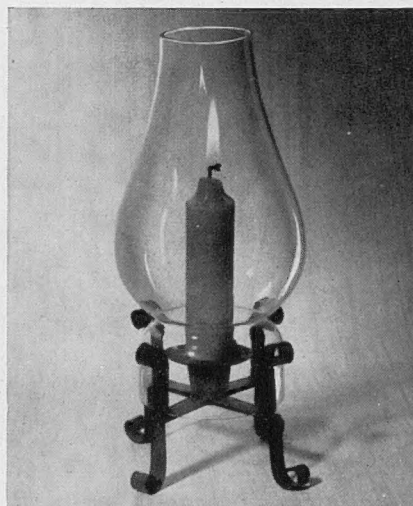
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Approx. 9" high. A contemporary
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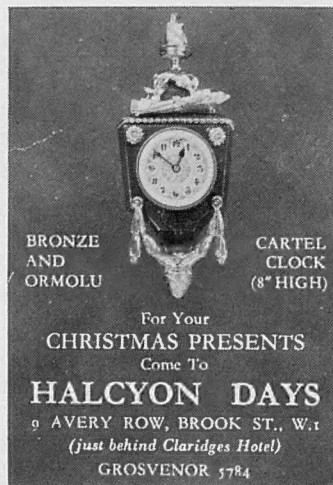
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After 25-

GUARD AGAINST DRY SKIN

WHAT CAN YOU DO when your
mirror spies out the first
warning signs of dry skin?

Those flaky patches and tiny lines
are telling you that the oils which
keep the skin young and supple are
beginning to decrease. Your skin
may lose 20 per cent of its softening
oil before you are 40.

Take over the job yourself. Start
using Pond's Dry Skin Cream. This
Cream is best because:

- 1 It is rich in lanolin, very like
the skin's own oils.
- 2 It is homogenized to soak in.
- 3 It has a softening emulsifier.

HELP YOUR SKIN LIKE THIS

Lanolin-soften by night. After cleans-
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generously over your face. Massage it
in thoroughly, leaving a light, soften-
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this rich cream. Lines and roughness
are smoothed away.

Lanolin-protect by day. If your skin is
very dry, stroke in a touch of Pond's
Dry Skin Cream before you make up,
and be sure of day-long, soothing
protection.

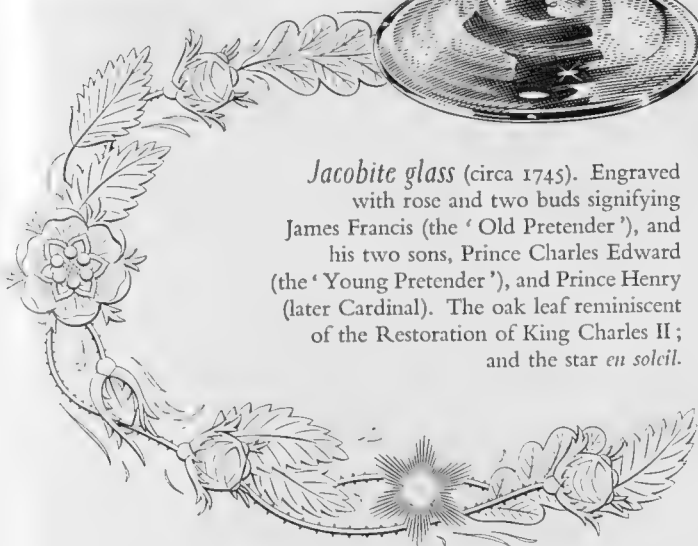
Pond's Dry Skin Cream costs 2/3
and 5/3 a jar.

DRY SKIN?

This is the answer

REX SHERRY

A medium dry wine for any connoisseur



*Jacobite glass (circa 1745). Engraved with rose and two buds signifying James Francis (the 'Old Pretender'), and his two sons, Prince Charles Edward (the 'Young Pretender'), and Prince Henry (later Cardinal). The oak leaf reminiscent of the Restoration of King Charles II; and the star *en soleil*.*

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Medallion of fillet topped with a slice of Foie Gras de Strasbourg truffé; rich brown sauce.

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Taken from the shell, steamed; white wine, cream, lemon and butter sauce; garnished with fried scampi and button mushrooms.

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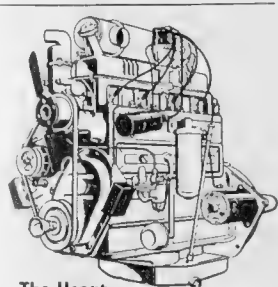
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Higher performance—lower price



...the new *Sunbeam* MK III



The Heart of the new Sunbeam MK III

The superb 80 b.h.p. engine of 2267 c.c. capacity, now with a new cylinder head, redesigned ports, larger inlet valves, manifold hotspot, and a compression ratio of 7.5 to 1.

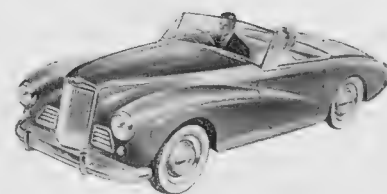
Higher top speed... faster acceleration... greater comfort

There's more zest than ever in this rally-winning thoroughbred, yet fuel consumption is even lower than before! There's new-style front seating for greater comfort, a redesigned facia, and many other feature improvements... and all this plus a reduction in price. Your dealer will arrange a demonstration run.

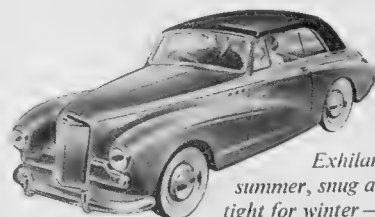
The new Sunbeam price range

Sports Saloon	£795 (P.T. £332.7.6)
Sports Convertible	£845 (P.T. £353.4.2)
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(White-wall tyres and overriders available as extras. Overdrive extra on Saloon and Convertible, standard on Alpine.)



A high performance sports car with the comfort of a limousine — the rally-winning Sunbeam Alpine Two-Seater.



Exhilarating in the summer, snug and weather-tight for winter — the 2½ litre Sunbeam Sports Convertible

Evening Accessories

make ideal Christmas presents . . .

choose them at

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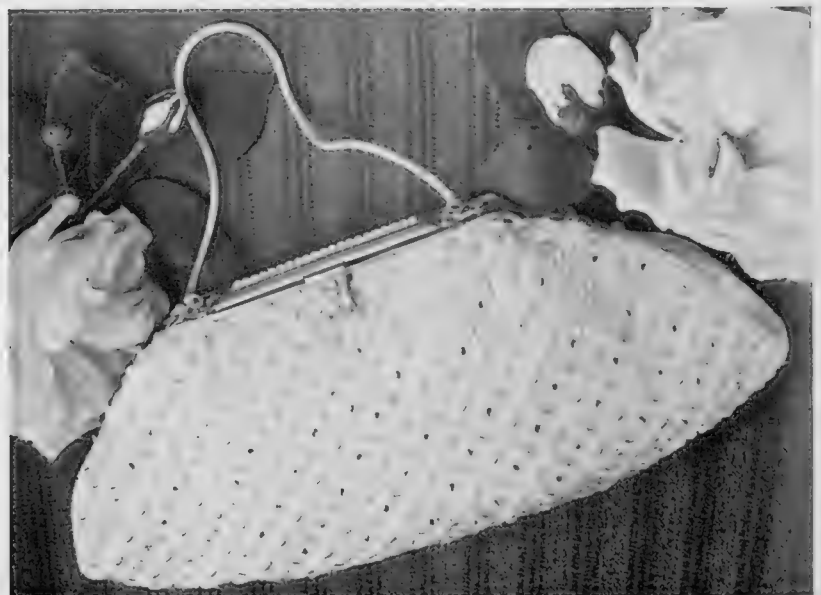
WIGMORE STREET, W.1.



(Above)
Diamanté and
satin bag with
wide opening
frame. In black
or white. 18 gns.



(Below)
Sequin, pearl
and diamanté
bag in white
or beetlewing
blue. 14 gns.



"Evening Elegance."

Matching jewellery of paste, set with
coloured stones. In ruby red, emerald
green or sapphire blue.

Necklet 13 gns. Bracelet 4 gns.

Earclips 65/-. Brooch 65/-.

NOV. 17
1954

Volume CCXIV. No. 2784. TWO SHILLINGS
Postage: Inland 2½d. Canada 1½d. Foreign 3d.



A CHRISTENING OF SOME IMPORTANCE

OUTSIDE the Church of St. Mary the Virgin at Westerham, after the christening of Charlotte Clementine Soames, grandchild of the Prime Minister, were Mr. Fitzroy Maclean, M.P., the godfather, Mrs. Duncan Sandys, a godmother, Lady Churchill, Sir Winston Churchill and Capt. and Mrs. Christopher Soames attended the ceremony. In front are Nicholas, aged six, Emma, aged four, and Jeremy Soames, aged two. There was a family party at Chartwell afterwards



Brodrick Haldane

MISS ELIZABETH THYNE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Thyne, walking down the avenue of her historic Border home, The Yair, near Clovenfords, Selkirkshire. The house was built at the end of the eighteenth century by Alexander Pringle, friend of Sir Walter Scott. Like her parents, Miss Thyne is an accomplished rider

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE QUEEN'S EVENING PARTY

THE most brilliant Royal gathering of the "little season" was the evening party for the Diplomatic Corps which the Queen and Prince Philip gave at Buckingham Palace. The Queen, who looked radiant and wore a magnificent emerald and diamond tiara and emerald and diamond necklace with a snow white lace evening dress, had a word for everyone as she walked among their guests, with the Prince in Court dress wearing the Order of the Garter.

Other members of the Royal Family with them included Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, who looked handsome in sapphire blue and diamonds, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone. The French Ambassador, M. Massigli, Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps in London, whose retirement as Amba-

sador and appointment as Secretary-General at the Quai d'Orsay was announced a few days later, headed the many diplomatists present. Among these were the Norwegian Ambassador and Mme. Prebensen—who now becomes the Doyen, the U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich who was in blue, the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza, the retiring Italian Ambassador, who has been appointed to the Italian Embassy in Washington, and Mme. Brosio, and the Venezuelan Ambassador and Señora Rodriguez-Travieso.

SIR WINSTON and Lady Churchill, and Sir Anthony and Lady Eden, both men wearing the Order of the Garter and Lady Eden in a black velvet dress with a pearl and diamond tiara, were greeting friends in the long Picture Gallery. Later they joined the Royal party for supper. The Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury were there, also Mr.

Harold and Lady Dorothy Macmillan, and Lady Jebb in black with a beautiful tiara in a leaf design. She was with Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich and at one time talking to Mr. John Foster, Q.C. Sir Gladwyn Jebb had not been able to come over from Paris as he had a chill.

LADY CRIPPS in turquoise blue, Mr. Herbert Morrison and Mr. and Mrs. Hector McNeil were sitting talking to Mr. and Mrs. Attlee in the ballroom before the Royal party came through. Lord Freyberg was accompanied by Lady Freyberg who wore the pink ribbon of a Dame Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire across her cream brocade dress, Earl Fortescue was escorting Countess Fortescue, and Viscount and Viscountess Waverley were conversing with the Archbishop of Canterbury, while other guests included Lord Swinton, Lord and Lady Kilmuir, Lord and Lady Simonds, M. and Mme. Lebel of the French

Embassy, the latter in blue, Sir Ivone and Lady Kirkpatrick, and Lord and Lady Ismay who had flown over from Paris, the latter wearing a black lace dress appliquéd with white.

Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, had a very busy evening presenting the members of the Corps to the Queen. The Marquess and Marchioness of Cholmondeley were also in the State rooms greeting friends, as were Helen Duchess of Northumberland in mauve embroidered in crystals and a magnificent tiara, and the Earl and Countess of Scarborough, the Countess of Euston in white with a diamond tiara, Sir Victor and Lady Mallet, Lord and Lady Harvey, the Dowager Countess Wavell, Mrs. Martin Charteris who looked charming in a white organza dress lightly embroidered in green and white, and a fleur-de-lis design tiara, and the Queen's Mistress of the Robes, the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, who was in the Royal party wearing her magnificent heirloom tiara with a shaded grey dress.

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H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER and her sister, Lady Mary Burghley, went to see the exhibition of pictures of country houses in tempera by Brian Buchel at the Walker Galleries, New Bond Street. The Duchess, who is a clever artist herself, took the keenest interest in the work, and especially in the picture of Dummer House, the home of her lady-in-waiting Mrs. Andrew Ferguson, who was with her at the exhibition.

Other pictures outstanding in this show, which had been lent by their owners, were Warwick House (the Hon. Vere Harmsworth), "Drovers" (Mr. Rex Benson), East Oakley House (Mrs. J. Onslow Fane), and an enchanting picture of part of his garden at Ellisfield Manor, loaned by that keen horticulturist Mr. Harry Hoare. Among those who came to see the pictures on the same day as the Duchess of Gloucester, were the Duke of Wellington, the Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Winn, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Paravicini, Lord Leconfield, Lady Katherine Brandon, Lady Tichborne, Maureen Viscountess Lymington, Lady Herbert Scott, Mrs. Alan Palmer, Lady Mountain and Lady Keeling.

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SIR NICHOLAS NUTTALL, whose father the late Sir Keith Nuttall died on active service during the war, recently came of age, and celebrated the occasion with two parties. His mother, Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick, gave a Tenants Ball at their lovely home, Lowesby Hall in Leicestershire, at which nearly 150 guests were present, many of whom had known Sir Nicholas since he was a child. Then a week or so later Mrs. Kirkpatrick gave another ball to which all his young friends came.

At the first party, where Sir Nicholas had a birthday cake decorated with foxhounds, polo ponies, steeplechasers and many other symbols of the sports which he enjoys, there were several presentations and the young squire made an excellent speech. One of the presentations made to him was from the past and present staff at Lowesby, by Mr. Tom Peaker, who acted as stud groom at Lowesby for many years after his retirement from hunt service. He will be remembered by many hunting men and women as whipper-in to the Meynell, and in the good old days to the fifth Earl of Lonsdale, and also as huntsman to Mr. Arthur Jones with the Worcestershire.

At the second ball, Sir Nicholas stood with his mother for some time receiving the guests in the White Drawing Room. With Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who looked charming in a white satin dress embroidered with pearls and a cherry red pleated poulton stole, was her

husband, Lt.-Col. Edward Kirkpatrick, to help her look after the guests. Lovely flowers were everywhere in the house, the many chrysanthemums, carnations and big pots of pink begonias all being home grown. In the lofty panelled ballroom where dancing took place, superb vases of red flowers were arranged, while a garland of carnations, roses, camellias and other red flowers, studded with crimson apples, pimentoes and black and green grapes—a copy of the carving above—was most effectively festooned right across the top of the fireplace and was greatly admired. On each side of the hall were sitting out rooms, and another had been built out beyond the French windows, but it had been so cleverly done, with fine tapestries hanging on the wall and snugly warmed, that few people realized it was not part of the house. More than half the men present wore pink coats—many like their young host with the pale blue facings of the Quorn Hunt—which added to the gaiety of the party which all those present will remember as one of the best that they have ever been to. Everything was arranged beautifully and with care even to the smallest detail. There was just the right percentage of older guests to the many young ones, and the whole evening went gaily from the moment the band started (I have never seen so many people enjoying every dance on the programme) until they played "God Save The Queen" in the early hours of the morning.

NUMEROUS friends in the district put up young guests for the event, and others gave dinner parties. Among these were Countess Cairns, the Countess of Lanesborough, Lady Hazlerigg, Lady Buchanan, Sir Harold and Lady Nutting, who had a very big dinner party at Quenby and brought their guests on to the dance, Lady Starkey whose daughter Caroline looked very pretty in red, Mr. Willoughby and the Hon. Mrs. Norman, the Hon. William and Mrs. Rollo, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Arthur Gemmell, Lady Paynter, Sir George and Lady Earle and Major James Hanbury, Master of the Belvoir and his lovely wife. Mrs. Hanbury wore a diamond tiara with her evening dress, as did Mrs. Tony Murray-Smith, the good looking wife of the new Master of the Quorn, who had enjoyed a good hunt after their opening meet at the famous Kirby Gate earlier that day.

Major Cyril Heber-Percy, joint-Master of the Cottesmore, was there with his wife and I met Major and Mrs. James Smith-Maxwell whose daughter Ailsa, looking pretty in a green and red dress, was dancing all the evening, Lt.-Col. Alan and the Hon. Mrs. Casey, the Earl of Lanesborough, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dunfee who came with Major and Mrs. Murray-Smith, Capt. and Mrs. Denis Daly, Major and Mrs. Victor Seely and Mr. Edward Bouskell-Wade, just back from a trip to America.

AMONG the young people dancing, many of whom had been out hunting earlier in the day, were the Marquess of Waterford and Sir Thomas Pilkington, who were both staying in the house party at Lowesby, as were Miss Linda McNair Scott, Miss Didi Ward, Miss Mary Mount and Miss Sarah Walford who had come over from Ireland for the occasion.

Miss Sally Clive looked outstandingly pretty in palest pink, and others among a bevy of attractive girls were Lady Rose Bligh, Miss Virginia Murray just back from Portugal where she has been working at our Embassy, Miss Virginia Estcourt in a tomato red organza dress, Miss Caroline Clive, Miss Claire Baring, Miss Fiona Munro, Miss Caroline Acton, Miss Caroline York, Miss Rose Lycett-Green, Miss Caroline Levy, receiving congratulations on

[Continued overleaf]



A 21ST BIRTHDAY PARTY was given at Lowndes Square for Miss Rosemary Parker, here seen with her fiancé, Mr. Timothy Legh Cowes



The Earl of Inchcape and Lady Rosemary Mackay were guests at the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Parker, parents of Rosemary



Miss Erica Hobson, Miss Tessa Gaines and Miss Jennifer Clark, three friends of Miss Parker, were enjoying conversation and cocktails

Starche



Air Chief Marshal Sir Alec and Lady Coryton, parents of the bride, were here receiving Miss M. M. Hodgson and Mrs. Ralph Swann



Miss Ramona Stracey, Miss Alison Ainslie and Miss Belinda Coryton (sister of the bride), three of the bridesmaids, with their bouquets of mixed flowers

WEDDING GUESTS AT LONDONDERRY HOUSE

THE marriage took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, of Mr. Michael J. Marshal Clarke, younger son of Admiral Sir Marshal Clarke, United Service Club, Pall Mall, and Mrs. George MacDonald, Webbs Land, Wickham, Hants, and Miss Flavia D. Coryton, daughter of Air Chief Marshal Sir Alec and Lady Coryton of Langton Matravers, Dorset

Continuing The Social Journal

With Staffordshire in Mayfair

her success at recent hunter trials, and Miss Caroline Judd and her brother Jamie Judd who had motored up after hunting with the Whaddon Chase that day.

The young men there included Lord Patrick Beresford, Mr. David Bagnall, who like Nicholas Nuttall is in the Blues, Mr. Michael Scott, Mr. Ian Cameron, Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie, the Hon. John Denison-Pender, Mr. Euan McCorquodale, Lord Crawshaw and Capt. A. M. McEwan who is in the Irish Guards and shows great promise as an amateur N.H. rider.

Pictures will be found on pages 426-7.

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NOËL COWARD, escorting Vivien Leigh, stopped to have a word with Sir Alexander and Lady Korda on his way to their seats at the first night of *The Matchmaker* at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Thornton Wilder's farce, which is magnificently produced by Tyrone Guthrie and splendidly acted with Sam Levene, Ruth Gordon and Eileen Herlie in the leading rôles, soon had the audience laughing. Others in the stalls included those regular first nighters Sir Louis and Lady Sterling, Sir Michael and Lady Balcon, Terence Rattigan and Mrs. Jack Jarvis and her daughter Vivienne.

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VISCOUNT EDNAM, the new president of the Staffordshire Society, presided at their banquet at the May Fair Hotel. He had with him his lovely Argentine-born wife, wearing a turquoise blue dress, to help him receive nearly two hundred guests. With them for dinner at the top table were several members of his family and friends who, though not connected with Staffordshire, were good after-dinner speakers who added to the enjoyment of everyone's evening.

The first speaker was Sir Gerald Kelly, President of the Royal Academy, who can always be relied upon to amuse an audience, and this evening was no exception, in spite of the fact that he had had no time to prepare a

speech. He had been busy all day hanging pictures for the exhibition of European Masters of Eighteenth-century Art, which opens at Burlington House on November 27. Sir Gerald proposed the toast of "Staffordshire—the County and the Society." Viscount Ednam's uncle, the Duke of Sutherland, who gave beautiful Trentham Park in Staffordshire to the nation, responded. He was followed by Alderman A. L. Garratt, the Mayor of Lichfield. Then Viscount Ednam made an excellent speech proposing "The Guests," to which Earl Beauchamp, President of the Worcestershire Association, replied efficiently.

THERE followed perhaps the best speech of the evening, made by Viscount Astor. It was delivered in a resonant voice and was full of interesting facts about Staffordshire and people connected with it, which must have entailed a great deal of research. Lastly, the Hon. Hugh Fraser, M.P. for the Stafford and Stone Division of Staffordshire, proposed "The Ladies" in a few witty words.

The ladies present included the Duchess of Sutherland, the Countess Beauchamp, Lady Kelly, Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander, who is joining one of the independent television companies, and Mrs. Ronald Copeland, a greatly beloved personality of Staffordshire who was M.P. for Stoke-on-Trent from 1931-35. She was accompanied by Mr. Ronald Copeland who is President and Chairman of the Spode-Copeland firm whose china, made in Staffordshire, is renowned all over the world.

The Earl of Dudley, a past-President of the Society, was also there and must have felt proud of the way in which his son presided.

Other members and guests at the dinner, which was followed by dancing, included the Hon. Peter Ward, Viscount Anson, Lord Webb-Johnson, a past-President, and Lady Webb-Johnson, Dr. Barnet Stross, M.P., and Mrs. Stross, Sir Anthony and Lady Denny and Lady Dorothy Meynell. Pictures on pages 420-1.

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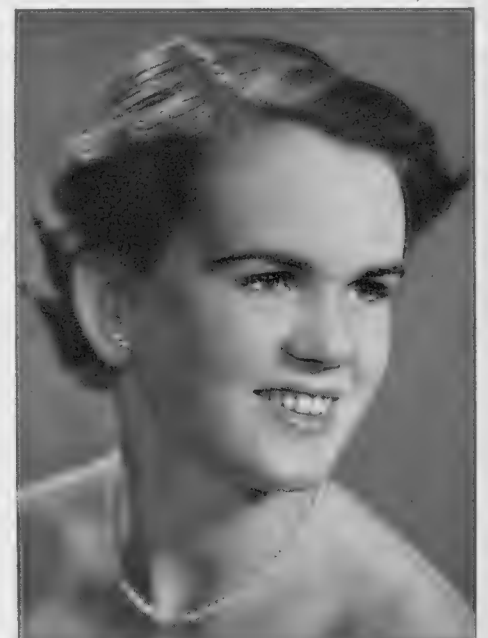
H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, wearing a brown lace dress over pink, was, with the Earl of Athlone, among the guests of honour at the Anglo-Norse Society dinner at Claridge's. Her Royal Highness sat between M. Prebensen, the Norwegian Ambassador, who is much loved in this country where he has been with his charming wife for many years, and Mr. Statsrad Nils Langhelle who has held various posts in the Norwegian Government during the past nine years and

was recently appointed Norwegian Minister of Trade. After dinner, he made a good speech in fluent English, in spite of the fact that he has spent very little time in Britain.

Others who spoke were the Rt. Hon. A. R. W. Low, deputizing for the President of the Board of Trade as Mr. Thorneycroft had to be in Geneva, Dr. G. M. Gaythorne-Hardy, Chairman of the Society, Sir Michael Wright our Ambassador in Oslo, and Mr. Erling Steen, President of the Norwegian Red Cross, who made the "Takk for Maten" speech. This is a true Norwegian custom, as I gather that in Norway, however small or informal the party, someone always makes a "Takk for Maten" speech.

LADY WRIGHT, wearing a pretty grey and white dress, was at the dinner, as was Mme. Prebensen who looked charming in an oyster coloured faille dress. Later when dancing had begun, she went round the room greeting many friends at other tables, among them General Sir Andrew and the Hon. Lady Thorne.

Others enjoying this evening included Sir



MISS ALISON WETTON-TURNER, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. D. Wetton-Turner, of Kloof, Natal, South Africa, was recently presented to the Governor-General of South Africa, and Mrs. Jansen, at a Débutantes' Ball at Durban



The bride and bridegroom give a warm family welcome, at Londonderry House, to Major and Mrs. Geoffrey Coryton



Mrs. J. Rouse takes over her little daughter's bouquet so that Fennella can show her father the present she has received from the bridegroom



Mrs. John Korner and Mr. David Wynne, the best man, admire the present from the bridegroom to Joanna Korner, one of the small attendants

Norman Gwatkin and his good looking mother who wore a little pair of mittens made out of exquisite old lace with her pale blue brocade evening dress. They were both with Cdr. and Mrs. F. N. Stagg. Also present were Sir Laurence and Lady Collier, Major Malcolm and the Hon. Mrs. Munthe, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hambro, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Dove, and Lady Stuart-Menteth who sat next to Mr. Per Aabel, the clever Norwegian actor who entertained everyone after dinner, firstly with anecdotes and a recitation from one of Hans Andersen's fairy stories, and later with songs at the piano. He had been busy rehearsing his part in the play *Accounting For Love* which opens at the Saville Theatre on December 1 after a try-out in Brighton.

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ME. MASSIGLI will be much missed in London, not only for her delightful parties at the French Embassy, but also for her great sense of chic at so many functions. One of the last times I saw her after her husband's new appointment had been announced was at the collection of next



MISS JOHANNA NORTON-GRIFFITHS, daughter of Mrs. Ralph Hubbard and the late Capt. Michael Norton-Griffiths, was one of the prettiest and most popular of last summer's débutantes

summer's day and evening dresses and beach clothes at Horrockses showrooms in Hanover Square. Here, as always, the clothes were charming, cleverly designed and wonderfully moderate in price, and one will no doubt see them worn by many smart women all over the world next year.

Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, wife of the President of the Board of Trade, who is another exceptionally well dressed woman, came with Mme. Massigli, and sitting near them were Lady Pamela Berry, Chairman of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, Mrs. Ian Fleming, the former chairman, and the Marchioness of Willingdon accompanied by her husband.

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LADY OGILVY, the young American-born wife of the Earl and Countess of Airlie's son and heir, works extremely hard for many good causes in this country, and her efforts have been highly successful. She was chairman, very appropriately, of the British-American Ball recently held at the Savoy to raise funds to further British-American understanding and co-operation. Looking enchanting in a turquoise green full-skirted dress and accompanied by Lord Ogilvy, she had a big party at their table. With them were the U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich, Viscountess Astor, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mackle, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Naylor-Leyland, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blackwell, Miss Tess d'Erlanger and Mr. Columbus O'Donnell.

Among those who came to support the cause were Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks, who had the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza in their party, Sir Danvers and Lady Osborn, General R. Glasgow and Col. M. Iseley, both of the U.S. Army, Mrs. Arthur Gibbs, who brought her niece Mrs. W. Palmer and Mr. Palmer, Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight, and Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Sunley. Others there were Mr. and Mrs. Paul Curtis-Bennett, Lady Jennifer Bernard, who was helping at the hoop-la, and the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Agar-Robartes, whom I met trying their luck at the tombola, where a young friend in their party won a splendid water-softening machine.

Sir William and Lady Fraser, were, with their usual generosity, distributing tombola tickets among their friends, and another helping the cause here was the Countess of Middleton. Around midnight, Muriel Smith very kindly sang several songs which proved a very popular interlude. Pictures on page 419.

MISS CLARE TAFT is chairman of a very young committee running the Christmas Cracker Ball at 45 Park Lane on November 23. This is to raise funds for the Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. So that as many young people as possible can attend, the tickets, which include a buffet supper, have been kept to the very reasonable figure of one guinea. They can be obtained from Miss Taft, at 207 Sussex Gardens, London, W.2.

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AT 11 a.m. on November 26 the Swedish Ambassador will open a Christmas Fair in the Swedish Hall in Harcourt Street, W.1 (off Marylebone Road). Here there will be many of his country's specialities to buy for Christmas, including Orrefors glass, decorations and candles, food delicacies and very special boxes of matches.

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LADY OSBORN is chairman of the special evening performance by the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society of *A Penny For A Song* by John Whiting. This is to take place in the presence of the Queen at the Scala Theatre on December 2.

This Dramatic and Operatic Society is very fortunate in having a great deal of talent among its members, and it is sure to be a really enjoyable evening. Funds raised by the performance will aid King Edward VII's Hospital for Officers which has for many years done so much to help officers, overtaken by illness. It was founded in 1899, and is dependent solely upon voluntary support. The late Sister Agnes (Miss Agnes Keyser) founded the Hospital in her own house in Grosvenor Crescent, but it was destroyed by enemy action in 1941. The present building, Beaumont House, Beaumont Street, was opened in 1948 by H.M. the late Queen Mary.

Tickets, which are sure to be sold out early for this performance, are obtainable from Lady Osborn, at 79 Davies Street, W.1.

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ALL those who are interested in floral decoration, should go to the Royal Horticultural Hall on December 8, when the National Floral Arrangement Society are holding their Christmas Decorations Competition. Members of the Society have brilliant ideas on the subject of flower arrangement, and it is certain to be a colourful show.



THE QUEEN MOTHER IN AMERICA

Her Majesty had an immense personal triumph among the warm-hearted citizens of New York

THE success of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother's visit to North America has been quite extraordinary, the people of New York and Washington, and later of Canadian cities, having responded with typical transatlantic enthusiasm to her charm and graceful simplicity of manner. Above, her Majesty is seen at the ball of the Metropolitan Commonwealth Association in the Seventh Regiment Armoury, N.Y. On her left is Lady Dixon and H.E. Sir Roger Makins, the British Ambassador, and on her right, Sir Pierson Dixon, Permanent British Representative to the United Nations, Lady Makins and Col. Harry Diss-ton, Commander of the Seventh Regiment

A ROYAL ACCOLADE FOR THE NEW WORLD SEASON

• Geoffrey Cross •

IN New York the Queen Elizabeth quietly and serenely docked twelve hours late after a very rough crossing, and our first glimpse of this great liner was indeed a most thrilling moment. First of all we saw the Royal Standard flying, then high above us on the bridge, Her Majesty the Queen Mother. We could see her pointing out the skyline of this city, and obviously taking more than a keen interest in the manoeuvring of the ship that bears her name.

The Queen Mother was received by Sir Roger and Lady Makins, and Sir Pierson and Lady Dixon, with whom she is staying whilst in New York at their home at Riverdale, on Wave Hill.

After the formal reception, Her Majesty entered the Veranda Grill for a television and Press conference, and referred to the happy visit that she and the late King had made to the States in 1939, and how happy she was to return among so many kind and friendly people.

This city was in a gay and very social mood to receive the Queen Mother, as I found earlier in the week. For example, dining at the Quo Vadis restaurant I saw there Mr. Norman Birrell the financier, July Stein the composer, Mrs. Ruth Dubonet dressed in black, Mr. Lowell Hawson, who was host to H.E. Paul Heymans, the Belgian Minister, and Miss Sarah Churchill, very simply dressed, but as usual looking most charming and vivacious.

Although this is a private visit of the Queen Mother, she has had a very full programme, and it delighted everyone when she went to the theatre to see *The Pyjama Game*, which is having a great run here, with a small private party.

AT Keeneland in Lexington, Kentucky, the bloodstock sales ended on a high note of excitement when the twenty brooded mares put up for sale by the Aga Khan entered the ring. The sale paddock is quite unlike anything we know of in England, and the actual sale is conducted in a building similar to an ancient amphitheatre with the buyers seated in chairs around a raised dais, within which the horse stands.

The aggregate for the twenty mares was \$539,100, or an average of nearly \$27,000. The highlight of the sale was Masaka, that beautifully bred mare by Nearco, who so many people will remember winning both the English and Irish Oaks.

Earlier in the day I was fortunate enough to be shown around the famous Calumet Stud by Mrs. Jean Markey, formerly Mrs. Warren Wright. This is without doubt the greatest stud in America and perhaps in the world, Mrs. Markey having bred and won no fewer than five Kentucky Derbys. After the sale

was completed she and Commodore Markey played host to an informal party in their charming and beautiful home.

Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. John de Blois Wack, who had come in from Santa Barbara, California, Mr. and Mrs. Church of Virginia, Prince Aly Khan, who was their guest for the sale, Major and Mrs. Cyril Hall, the director of the Aga Khan's Studs, Capt. Paddy Harbord, who had come over from Ireland on behalf of the Curragh Bloodstock Agency, Mr. Rodrick More O'Ferrall, Mr. and Mrs. Tim Vigors, Mrs. Liz Person, whose stock were being sold on the following day, Mr. Richard Lunn, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Coombs II (Mr. Leslie Coombs acts on behalf of Mrs. Graham), Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wacker and Mr. and Mrs. John Hanes, and other leading personalities in the American Bloodstock World, all of whom enjoyed the warm and generous hospitality of their host and hostess.

IN Washington interest in the International Race at Laurel was, without doubt, greatly increased by Her Majesty the Queen's entry of Landau. This colt got away to a good start and headed the field for the first mile, but could not stay, and it was left to Mr. C. V. Whitney's Fisherman to pass the post three-quarters of a length in front of the French filly, Banassa, with Brush Burn third. Thus the popular and sporting gesture of Mr. Whitney in running his three-year-old colt at the last moment in place of High Gun, who had to be withdrawn because of injury, secured the race for the first time for an American owner, amidst scenes of great excitement.

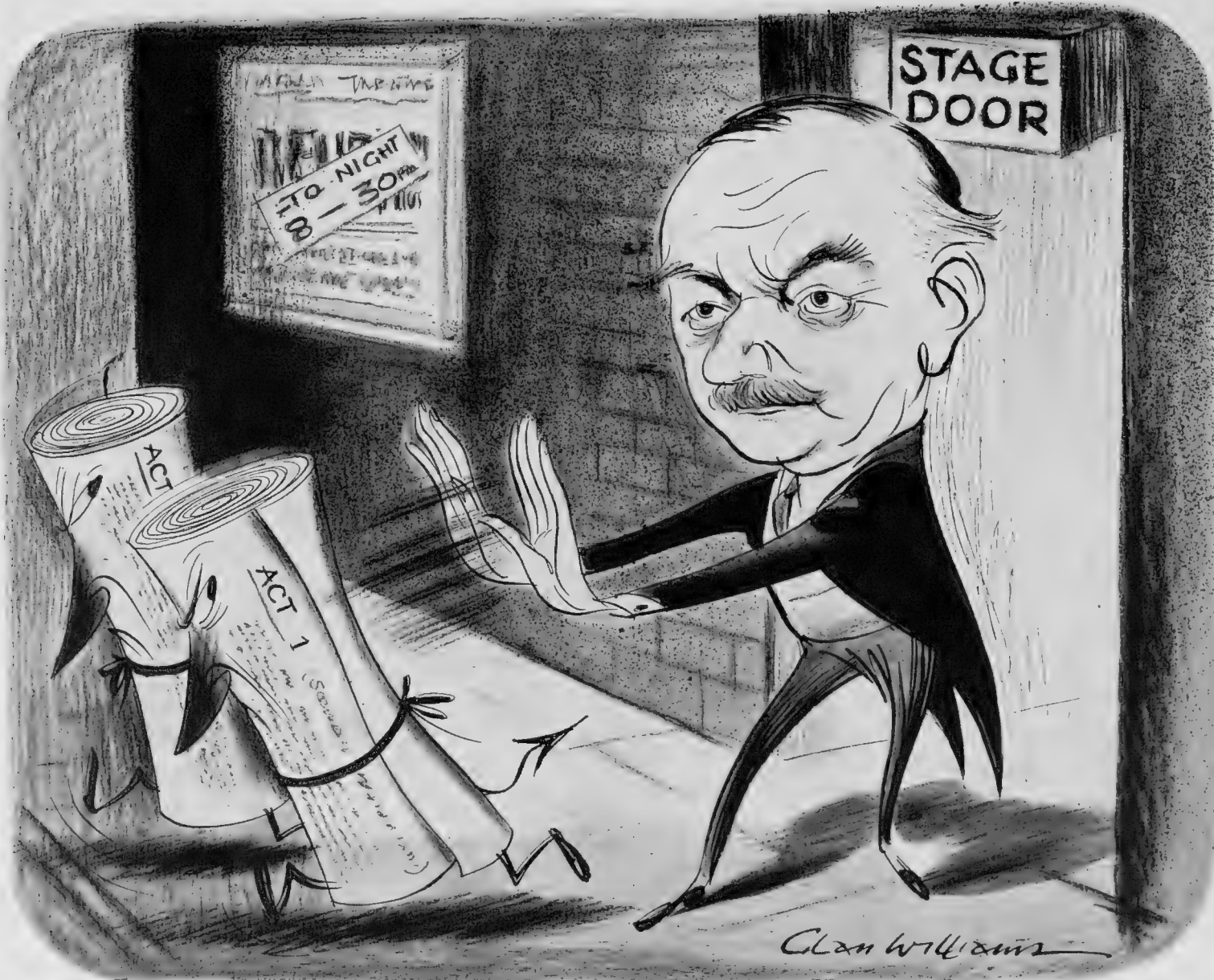
Mr. John Schapiro, President of Laurel Racecourse, and Mrs. Schapiro entertained a very large number of guests in this most modern and up-to-date racecourse. The reception took place high up in the Stand, and we were able to watch all the racing in great comfort. The floral decorations were, I immediately noticed, made up in the Queen's racing colours, a gesture very much appreciated by the British present.

I saw on arrival Lord and Lady Irwin, who spent most of the afternoon in a box in front of the stand. Capt. Charles Moore was chatting to Mr. and Mrs. Noel Murlless, together with Willie Snaith, who was riding the Queen's colt. Mr. Richard Dennis representing his father, Mr. Frank Dennis, the owner of King of the Tudors, was deep in conversation with Viscount and Viscountess Bury. Viscountess Bury owns Northern Gleam, the only Irish contender this year.

A further reception was given after the racing by Mr. and Mrs. Schapiro, when they and Miss Mollie Collum, a charming and energetic hostess, on behalf of the Executive received many congratulations from their guests.



On top of the tallest of all skyscrapers, the Empire State Building, stands the Queen Mother with a group of eminent New Yorkers, including on her left, Mr. Richard C. Patterson, representative of Mayor Wagner



THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the Earl of Scarbrough, K.G., P.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.V.O., has held his vastly important Court appointment since 1952. The Lord Chamberlain's decisions on matters of taste and censorship are frequently considered fair game for the wits, but during the Earl's tenure one can remember no occasion on which he has offered them the slightest hold. In the course of a career of public service which has offered as wide experience as any of our days, he has been Governor of Bombay, and has represented several Yorkshire constituencies with distinction in the House of Commons. The Earl is also Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of Masons of England. He has a son, Viscount Lumley, and four daughters

Roundabout

—Paul Holt

RECENTLY there appeared in the personal column of *The Times* a mysterious advertisement. It said: "Born October 2, 1452, King Richard III at Fotheringhay. His American friends honour the memory of this fine, ruthlessly maligned man, killed solely by treachery. Strange, no plaque in the Abbey to counterbalance the Henry VII chapel, gilded monument to an upstart regicide. We mourn him.—Friends of Richard III Inc. New York City. Cable: Dicktri."

Now, here was a splendid mystery, and I particularly liked the Inc. part. So I cabled Dicktri. At the back of my mind I suspected all this had something

to do with that fine detective novel by Josephine Tey, *The Daughter Of Time*, but I was only partly right, as you shall see, for today I received the following letter from New York.

It is so good in content and impassioned in style, I propose to print it in full.

"Dear Sir:

"In an unavoidable delay in answering your query about our plans about Richard III, I will attempt to give you a summing up.

"Josephine Tey's book *The Daughter Of Time* has captured the fancy of many people over here, which fitted in well with an interest I have had about King

Richard for many years. Some months ago in The Players Club a few of us were discussing him and the book (also Phillip Lindsay's *The Tragic King*), and Richard Aldrich, the producer (widower to the late Gertrude Lawrence), suggested we form a group of friends to discuss the unfortunate man and sort of 'spread the good news' about him. Don Seawell, Tallulah Bankhead's lawyer, said that he thought he could have the group incorporated in the laws of the State of New York; to our delight, a few months later he effected this, and we now have a large certificate with the seal of New York State, a seal of our own and two hundred smaller certificates of membership, which

we issue for \$5.00 apiece. More can be obtained, of course.

"We now have some forty members, including Helen Hayes, Tallulah Bankhead, Robert Montgomery, Natalie Hays Hammond (whose house at 29 Charles Street, London, W.1, is our London headquarters), Sylvester Weaver (head of N.B.C.), Dennis King and Elliott Nugent. We do not proselytize; we want only members who are truly interested, and we do not want any Tom, Dick or Harry. At least, not at the moment. Later on, when we feel we have a definite project, or projects, in mind, we will let down the bars!

"OUR aims are: to petition encyclopedias and other educational books to revise their Tudor slant, if slant is the right word for an autocratic sledge-hammer. To put up memorials in appropriate places, as for instance the chapel at Fotheringhay and York Cathedral. To find out whether guides in The Tower refer to the room where Henry VI was 'murdered by Richard III' and any other such fancies, and ask in the name of British Fair Play to have the talk changed. To try to have a play, or film, or television play produced telling the truth.

"To petition the Abbey to erect some commemoration to Richard III, a small enough compensation for all the years the Henry VII chapel has been attesting to the self-styled virtues of the man who erected it to himself, a man who appointed the supposed murderer of the two princes keeper of the port of Guisnes for eleven years, a man who tried to have a bill of attainder against those who helped Richard III at Bosworth dated one day before the battle, a man whose 'settled and considered policy' it was to 'rid himself of all rivals to the throne, more especially those heirs of York who remained alive' on his succession, a man whose two claims to the throne stemmed from illegitimate lines. It is rather sad to think of the millions who have stood in awe and reverence at the sight of this gilded monument.

"OUR expenses are negligible; whatever monies come in we will use to further the ideas above. We meet every so often and discuss any new findings, any new nuggets dug out of old histories. Francis Bacon's *Life Of Henry VII* is full of them; never have I read such sly digs and open slaps at a book's 'hero.' It is quite fascinating and practically a satire.

"So, there you are. We all realize how quixotic this all is; that is part of its appeal. There is such immediacy in the world today; this comes fresh from a far away time, like the discovery of a hitherto unknown species, or tribe, which needs assistance. We feel we want to do something for the Old Boy: he's had it pretty bad for a long time.

"I hope this has made things clear, and many thanks for your interest.

"Most sincerely,

Alexander Clark,

President."

What a splendid man Mr. Clark is!

I agree with every word he says. For, if you believe Miss Tey, who was a distinguished historian who also wrote under the name of Gordon Daviot, Richard was the victim of the most unholy plot in the murky history of England.

But Mr. Clark must beware. To organize posses of vigilantes to eavesdrop on castle guides, and to badger the Dean of the Abbey to put up a plaque is not enough.

There is a great black cloud hanging over his head. While the distinguished players of New York rally to his Yorkist flag the players of England, headed by such formidable men as Sir Laurence Olivier, are actively Tudor.

At this very moment Shakespeare's *Richard III*, that gory piece of violence called a play, is being made into a mammoth film. In 1955 it will sweep the world and there will be poor Richard, cruelly exposed again.

I think Mr. Clark needs not forty, but forty thousand followers—and he needs them quick.

* * *

THE flat racing season ended last week—and a very odd season it was. Form was all over the shop. People blamed it on the rain, but it is more likely that the quality of the three year olds and Cup horses was well below standard.

And for this British sires are, of course, to blame.

It is a wry commentary on the British stallion to realize that the season's winner in prize money from his progeny is a small (15, 1) chestnut showing the famous Bend Or spots with four white socks who is a great-great-grandad, aged twenty-four, named Hyperion.

His son Aureole's win at Ascot put him at the top of the list for the seventh time.

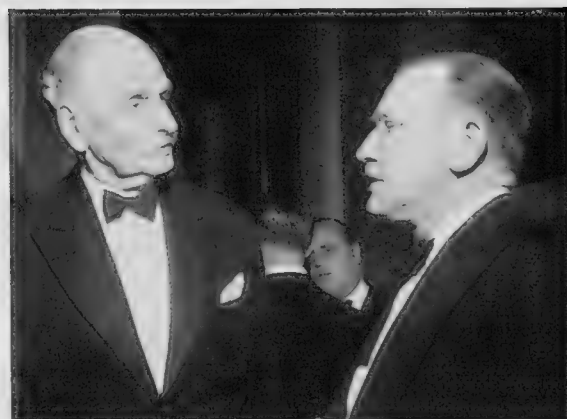
I often go to see Hyperion at Newmarket, for I think he is my favourite horse. He loves a chat and is always ready for a prank. In the next box stands that great stayer Alycidon, who regards these monkey shines by his elder with sour disfavour.

These two sires are the heroes of a poor season, for Aureole slammed the best in Europe and Alycidon's daughter Gloria Nicky is easily the best two year old seen out so far, and will certainly be making a big bid for classic honours next year.

* * *

A TENDER scene occurred at a first night in London last week. The show had gone down well and the cast was looking pretty smug up there, bowing to the buffeting of applause. Then I saw a handsome woman in the stalls, standing up with tears of anger in her eyes and shouting out "A-boo...! A-boo...! A-boo!"

Politely, nobody took any notice of her and I did not care to interrupt her ecstasy of fury.



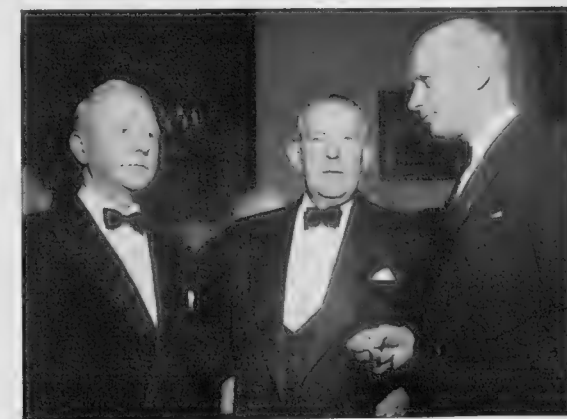
INTERNATIONAL YACHTSMEN dined as guests of the Royal Yachting Associations. Here Major Sir Ralph Gore, Bt., greets Mr. Jan Loeff



Crown Prince Olav of Norway (right) talking to Mr. Henry S. Morgan, U.S.A. representative on the Permanent Committee of the I.Y.R.U.



Major M. Heckstall-Smith at the Royal Thames Yacht Club's H.Q., with Mr. Laurent Giles, the yacht designer, and Mr. Morgan Giles



Mr. Henrik Robert, from Norway, Mr. Evald Pira, from Sweden, and Commodore Frederick Horn, of the Royal Norwegian Yacht Club

Gabor Denes

THE MARQUISE DE CRAMAYEL, formerly Miss Edith Broemme, is the wife of the eighth Marquis. They own a fine property and shoot at Moissy-Cramayel, near Paris, though the superb château, whose gardens were designed by the landscapist Le Notre, was destroyed during the French Revolution. The Marquis and Marquise have a two-year-old daughter



F. J. Goodman

Priscilla in Paris

The Assize of Books

Now is the time of year when the burnished tints of autumn gild countryside and town gardens alike. Pilgrims, bearing posies and plants-in-pots, make journeys to burial grounds. We become sentimental and even slightly lachrymose over the dead leaves that flutter so helplessly to mother earth. . . . There is a sweet melancholy in the air!

But there is a corporation that remains blind to the golden wonder of the universe, quivers with loathing at the sound of fluttering leaves and whose melancholy is anything but sweet. A corporation composed of those great ladies and gentlemen of renown who, just now, foregather in order to award literary prizes. Under the golden light of reading lamps fluttering leaves are merely turning pages!

The four possible winners and the dozens of also-rans, now lined up for the "Goncourt," the "Femina," the "Renaudot" and the "Interallié" awards, little know the torture they inflict.

SOME years ago I went to see Colette one afternoon. In the hall of her flat overlooking the Palais Royal gardens were stacks of books. Pauline—her faithful maid—was measuring them: "Three and a half metres," she murmured, "and more to come!" "Does Madame Colette really read them all?" I asked though I knew very well that she did.

Pauline looked at me severely. "Surely," she said. "And twice over rather than once!"

Colette was, of course, President of the Goncourt Academy. The famous "ten" therefore are now only nine. The new president will be elected in February; meanwhile Roland Dorgelès, vice-president, carries on. The actual value, in rustling notes, of the Goncourt Prize seems hardly worth troubling about since it is a little less than five pounds. In 1882, when Edmond and Jules de Goncourt decided to give an award for the "finest work, in prose, published during the year," 5,000 Frs. was quite a sum. Nowadays, it hardly pays for paper and ink; however, a novel that appears on the bookstalls belted with a strip of paper bearing the words PRIX GONCOURT will sell anything from 150 to 200 thousand copies.

IN 1904 the "Femina" prize was founded by the publishers of the magazine of that name. Like Non-Smokers, it is ruled by Ladies Only. Gentlemen may compete *but not if married to a member of the jury!* Here again the cash prize is 5,000 Frs. . . . and yet again the winner's sales are considerable.

The "Renaudot," dating from 1926, seems to be the outcome of a get-together of disappointed aspirants to Goncourt honours. It carries no prize, no medal, nothing except the pleasant probability of honourable sales. The "Interallié" is reserved for journalists

but, no doubt to prevent them from "talking (or rather writing) shop," the subject matter of their opus must have nothing to do with their Professional Activities! Given that the P.A. of journalists worthy of the name usually cover the whole gamut of living, one wonders what remains for them to write about!

TRANSCRIBED by her daughter, Liane Carrera, the *Memoirs Of Anna Held* have just been published by La Nef de Paris. Beautiful Anna Held died when she was little more than forty years old, during the early months of World War One. The apex of her career in Paris was reached during the "gay nineties" after which she went to the States. It seems a pity that so many years have passed since the little French actress's great successes made history there, and her marriage to Flo Ziegfeld incited the press to show what can be done in the way of headlines.

These souvenirs are the inside story of a film *The Great Ziegfeld* that had an immense vogue before the last war. Luise Rainer played the part of Anna Held.

M. Jacques Charles has written an eloquent preface to Mme. Carrera's tribute to her beautiful mother. She has told the story well, but it is a familiar story and it is moving and rather sad to find how little change half a century has brought about and how closely the lovely girls of yesterday resemble the lovelies of today.

And yet there is a difference. Anna died of a broken heart after her divorce from "Flo." Nowadays hearts are worn—and sometimes broken—with more careful camouflage.

Avis au voyageurs

● Hard work does not prevent one from growing old, but it prevents one from noticing it!

BALL STRENGTHENED ANGLO-U.S. TIES

THAT very successful event the Anglo-American Ball, at the Savoy, had a large attendance and offered such diversions as a hoop-la competition and a tombola in addition to the dancing. Lady Ogilvy, the chairman, received many congratulations from guests

Right: Miss Tess Clarke receives a steadying influence from Mr. Michael McKee as she tries the "Hoop-La"



Mr. Peter F. Tiarks was reading the programme, while Mrs. H. Tiarks watched some of her friends dancing



Mrs. Michael Naylor-Leyland was greatly amused at a story told her by Lord Ogilvy, who is the son and heir of the Earl of Airlie



H.E. the American Ambassador, Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, talking to Lady Ogilvy, chairman of the Ball



General R. I. Glasgow, U.S. Army, the Hon. Mrs. Fisher-Hoch and Colonel M. Iseley, U.S. Army, were together in a supper party

Swaebe

STAFFORDSHIRE MEN GAVE A BANQUET IN LONDON

OVER one hundred and fifty members and guests attended the dinner held by the Staffordshire Society in London. After the banquet, dancing continued until the early hours of the morning. Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A., was the principal speaker



Left: Mrs. J. Buchanan-Wollaston dancing with Mr. Michael Harries, the President of the Pembroke Society



Right: Viscount Ednam, President of the Staffordshire Society, and Viscountess Ednam received the guests in front of the Society's banner in the banquet hall

DINING IN

Provençal Cooking Is Now Yours

A JOURNEY in quest of the sun may well change our eating habits and, in a way, extend the spell of the holiday in the food we serve at home.

Provençal cookery, for instance, the dishes we enjoyed on the Côte d'Azur, has again become extremely popular. We remember food cooked with olive oil, not butter, because, in the Alpes Maritimes, with their grey olive groves, there is little lush grazing ground.

We recall that garlic was pleasant, but realise that, if we are to enjoy it here, we must employ it with discretion or confine our use of it to, say, Friday and Saturday, so that, when Monday comes, we shall be acceptable to our associates.

We are fortunate that, even now, in late autumn, we can easily buy many of the southern vegetables, when our own home-grown ones are pretty well limited to members of the cabbage family. Pimentos!—those lovely, glossy-skinned, deep-green, yellow or tomato-red exotic "fruits"—hollow inside except for a seed core, simply ask to be filled with deliciously different savoury mixtures. They are truly exciting food.

TOMATOES, of course, and purple aubergines, which need tomatoes, oil and garlic to make the most of them. Or simply peel them, slice them, dip them in a good egg batter and fry them until crisp outside.

From early in July, or even earlier, when sweet peppers come in at a reasonable price, until late in December, when they cease to

arrive, I am never without them, and I always bottle some for the winter.

Sweet peppers—the Spanish Pimento, the Hungarian Paprika, the more lovely Italian name, Peperoni, the botanical Capsicum. This vegetable-fruit, by any name, is worthy of your interest.

RED MULLET.—This is a great favourite in the South of France, where it is very expensive. Here, the fish is plentiful and reasonably priced. It is larger, too, than those taken from the Mediterranean.

Draw out the insides, but leave the liver in and the head on. Place in an oven dish and bake very gently, covered, with thinly-sliced shallots, finely chopped garlic to taste, skinned and de-seeded tomatoes, cut into eighths, and a little olive-oil. Add seasoning to taste.

Serve in the same dish or turn out on to a heated platter and garnish with black olives, capers and anchovy fillets. For the final gracious touch, heat an ounce of butter (for four to five servings) until it reaches that pleasant nutty-smelling stage. Add a little lemon-juice and some freshly chopped parsley and pour over the fish.

—Helen Burke



DINING OUT

The Contemplation Of Wine

POSSIBLY the saying "there are no bores like wine bores," is true. What, then, is the exact opposite of a wine bore? Well, H. Warner Allen, for example, as you quickly discover when you read his *Through the Wine Glass* (Michael Joseph; 15s.).

In this delightful book Mr. Allen takes us through the vineyard of his memories, and shows the comfort or the gaiety that can be brought to life when observed through the mellowed hues of some great claret or Burgundy, or the sparkling sunshine of champagne.

So let us contemplate some wine. Nowhere can one do this better than in the wine lodge of a Free Vintner, because Free Vintners take

much care of their wines; they serve them at the right temperature and treat them with the respect and attention they deserve.

Free Vintners are men of some importance, belonging to an ancient and honourable mystery, and there are few of them about. The privilege to sell wine in certain areas without a licence is only held by those who have obtained the Freedom of the Vintners' Company by patrimony or servitude, and it is a certain bet, if you visit one of their establishments, that you can drink your wine in suitable surroundings.

THIS certainly applies to EMBERSON'S SHERRY BAR in Shepherd Street, Mayfair, owned and conducted with distinction by Mr. M. J. ("Beau Brummell") Emberson, a

Free Vintner for twenty-two years. He previously had the original Sherry Bar in Curzon Street, and when this was blitzed in 1941 he, being a Free Vintner, opened up again at once in the cellars of his present premises, without the long delay of having to apply for licences.

Here you can get a large variety of sherries and other wines by the glass. One of the best is a fine Fino which he does not list, but ask for it and it will be produced.

Apart from the wines, he specialises in the serving of excellent No. 1 Whitstable oysters at 18s. a dozen and smoked salmon of the finest quality.

IF you have anything important to celebrate you might honour your Whitstables with a bottle of Louis Roederer 1949 Cristal Brut Champagne at 55s. The Cristal bottle was once used exclusively by the Czars of Russia, one of whom was so impressed by Mr. Roederer's champagne, that he sent his own bottles to France for filling in their cellars at Reims. To-day they are filled from the Première Cuvée of the Roederer vintages. So in this instance you can look at the world through the bottle as well as the glass.

—I. Bickerstaff



Countess Beauchamp, who lives in Worcestershire, was one of the guests at this very pleasant and friendly event



The Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke of Sutherland, P.C., K.T., and Lord Webb-Johnson, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S., at the reception



Left: Miss Anne Parker sat next to Viscount Astor during the dinner



Right: The Hon. Peter Ward and Miss Clare Baring waiting to hear Sir Gerald Kelly's amusing speech

Desmond O'Neill

At the Theatre

Ballet From Nippon

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

THERE is a rare and curious pleasure to be had at the Princes Theatre. Japanese dancers are displaying forms of classic and folk art which, though not easy for Europeans to grasp in detail, provide them with an unfamiliar and fascinating study. The experience is not at all unlike that which we get in the theatre of the marionettes.

We seem at first to be looking at the stage through the wrong end of a telescope. Then as we adjust our vision to the miniature scale of movement the dancers, like the puppets, gradually swell to life-sized significance and we are quite happy inhabiting a world in which a limited vocabulary of steps, pointed with an occasional hop, a dramatic stamp or a subtle tilting of the head, expresses a considerable range of mimetic ideas.

The basic style, as we realise from the beginning, is determined by the national costume which the dancers wear. This costume is invariably close-fitting and its elaborate appendages still further impede the movements of the legs. There can be nothing of the self-sufficient abundance which reconciles us in Indian dances to missing the minutiae of the symbolism.

YET oddly, these dancers end by leaving us with the impression (perhaps delusive) that we have not missed a great deal of their symbolism: it is perhaps simpler than in Indian dancing, even more ancient and therefore, paradoxically, more nearly universal in its appeal. Whether of ritual or folk or theatrical origin, these dances are primarily postures.

They are the posturings of splendidly apparelled persons. All the costumes are beautiful in colour and design, and the visual effect is always pleasing, sometimes enchanting.

One will not soon forget the little schoolgirl chasing with her lesson book the shimmering butterflies attached to slender rods and dangled delicately just out of her reach. Here what is traditional, what may be



Miss Junko Okada, who performed many of the most colourful dances, and Mr. Masho Takeuchi as a magnificent Noh Warrior, who in his dance "The Lion of Happiness" introduced a rare and unexpected touch of humour.

the individual contribution of the choreographer and what is imported from other than Japanese tradition continue in an exquisite stage evocation of early summer.

BUT throughout, it is plain that our study of the unfamiliar is being much helped by the fact that the Japanese dance, despite its austere economy of gesture, is nearly always concerned in telling a story. There is music—the plucked strings of what looks like an outsize zither, the strumming of two Oriental banjos, the tap of drum or the clack of castanet; there is singing of a marked exoticism; but the sounds are strictly incidental and are not the rhythmic inspiration of the dance, which is, so to speak, done to the word, not to the music.

The troupe are led by Miss Mihoko Hanayagui, and she is their best exponent of the deliberately unexciting but tranquil and absorbing entertainment that they bring to London. She is impressive in an eighth century Shinto ritual dance involving the blessing of peace. Her "Marionette" is a most delicate essay in virtuosity, and sighing courtesan for the absent lover well illustrates the capacity of this style of dancing to tell a story and establish a character.

OTHER very attractive pieces in the programme are Mr. Masho Takeuchi's firmly expressive Noh Warrior, a spirited brandishing of umbrellas by Miss Mihoko Hanayagui and a most pretty scarf dance by a group of washerwomen.



Miss Mihoko Hanayagui brandishing an outsize sword in the direction of the two imperturbable musicians, Mr. Yakichi Kineya and Mrs. Kichi Kineya, who, as much as any of the more active performers, imparted an atmosphere of the Far East.



Houston Rogers

BRITISH DANCER'S HELSINKI DEBUT

MISS BERYL GREY, the Sadler's Wells ballerina, exquisitely embodies all the grace and poise evoked by the magical word "ballet." She is to dance in a new production of *Swan Lake*, in Helsinki, later this month. Covent Garden will welcome her back on New Year's Day, after which she will dance in the full-length version of *Le Lac des Cygnes*

London Limelight

The Barometer Of Success

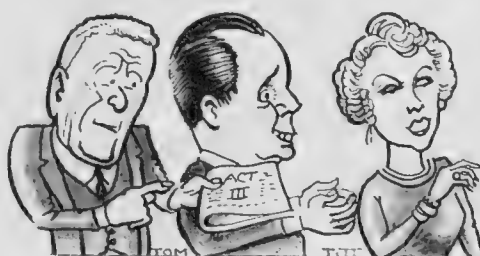
MONJA DANNISCHEWSKI, hitherto noted (by those who can pronounce his name) as a film director, has written a play in collaboration with Michael Pertwee. The latter, with his father, was responsible for *The Paragon*, which had a successful run some years ago, starring Arthur Wontner, whose acting and whose shoemaker are equally impeccable.

The new work, a comedy, is called *It's Different for Men*, and is described as the obverse of the Pygmalion story. The stars are Nauntton Wayne and Yolande Donlan, with Dicky Bird, our most consistently successful producer, in charge. It is due in town roughly as soon as a suitable theatre is available, which should mean any week now.

The success of this venture should be of considerable interest to the expert backers, for at certain prescribed theatres on its preliminary canter it has done very well.

The average takings on a standard testing-ground over a week being well known, £200 up on this total augurs success; anything less than normal means that revision is wise.

But as in the racing world, timing a horse over a distance, or going exclusively by the book, are not infallible methods of spotting a winner. All that glitters in



Richard Bird directs Nauntton Wayne and Yolande Donlan in *It's Different for Men*

Golders Green may be stoned by the philosophers of Shaftesbury Avenue.

IT had been my hope to be mischievous about the censorship of *The Immoralist* at the Arts, to touch lightly on a "Gide Blue" and to infer that the world is more broadminded than in the days of Mrs. Warren. I now have to report that this performance contained more nauseous matter than it would seem possible to cram into an evening; that the skill of the actors heightened the repulsive odour of the occasion and that the fact of so much skilled craftsmanship being devoted to this dull and dirty piece of degeneracy reflects no iota of credit on any single person connected with the production. The sole exception is the Lord Chamberlain, who can have had no doubts about his decision.

MR. HENRY HEWES, a New York critic despite his East Anglian name, is the translator-author of *Accounting for Love*, due at the Saville on December 1st. The cast, a distinguished company, is headed by Mr. Per Aabel, a very eminent Norwegian comedian who is also the producer. My hope is that he will also account for two miracles, love and taste.

—Youngman Carter



MR. NORMAN COLLINS, best-selling novelist and former chief of B.B.C. television, is now head of a powerful group with commercial television interests. He is seen relaxing in his home in Hampstead Garden Suburb, a house designed by the late Sir Edwin Lutyens.

Mark Gerson

Television

AFTER-DINNER ARCHÆOLOGY



ARCHÆOLOGY owes its new status as a national sport in large measure to the diverting efforts of Sir Mortimer Wheeler, Professor Glyn Daniel

and their colleagues on *Animal, Vegetable and Mineral*.

Semi-officially dubbed "TV personality of the year," Sir Mortimer steps out on his own next Monday to introduce an Outside Broadcast of *The Caerleon Dig*. He will take us round Caerleon Fortress and the great amphitheatre, where much hardware left by Cæsar's legions has already been unearthed.

Canada is the land of to-day's peaceful legions, and connoisseur-viewers will be careful to-night not to miss Caryl Doncaster's *New Canadians*. Miss Doncaster's social documentaries have been as successful and stimulating as TV's archæology—and more human. *Can I Have a Lawyer?* and her

earlier programmes on probation officers were TV documentary at its sympathetic best. Miss Doncaster's previous record make us impatient to see her first-hand account of the million new citizens who have migrated to Canada since the war from Britain and other nations.

QUEEN VICTORIA at any age is an unfailing attraction to playwrights. On Sunday Donald Sutherland's *Prelude to Glory* promises a resplendent cast portraying her rather inglorious upbringing. Claire Austen is nicely chosen for the slim, demure Princess; her mother, the then Duchess of Kent, brings us that austere magnificent actress, Marda Vanne. Miss Vanne (whose memorable performances were as the missionary's wife in Somerset Maugham's *Rain* and in the leading part of Monckton Hoffe's touching play, *Many Waters*) is far too seldom seen since her return from South Africa.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



Incantation to bring down the snow from Bing Crosby, Rosemary Clooney and Danny Kaye in *White Christmas*

At the Pictures

The Meteoric

MR. HUMPHREY BOGART, playing a film-writer and director in *The Barefoot Contessa*, moodily complains that "life loused up the script." This seems to be unfair both to Mr. Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who wrote and directed the picture, and to life—which, for my money, had very little to do with it.

Perhaps the Cinderella story has been tinged with cynicism and death. It is no less acceptable to me for that. The dialogue is frequently so good that one blushes for our own script-writers—and for the very small change with which most of us nowadays pay our society-chatter debts, conversation having long since gone off the gold standard.

THE direction is sure and subtle: Mr. Mankiewicz never tries for an effect without achieving it. He has done a fine job.

Life has imposed upon him one handicap upon him. It has insisted that, in case some living actress might identify herself with the beautiful Maria Vargas—dancing girl from the gutters of Madrid who burgeoned into a film star and blossomed out briefly as a lady of title—the central character must be dead for a start: So the film begins and ends in a sodden, cypress cemetery where the Contessa is being interred. This doesn't exactly louse up the script (what a revolting expression that is)—but it has regrettably forced Mr. Mankiewicz to resort to flashbacks and to leave Mr. Bogart, my Sugar, standing in the rain for two hours and eight minutes.

I FIND Miss Ava Gardner, in the title role, breath-takingly lovely. Her Maria has a natural dignity and the sort of pride of body that bullfighters have. I can believe she would spurn millionaires. Though overcome from time to time by a *nostalgie de la boue* whence she came, which impels her to kick off her shoes and abandon herself to some simple, physical fellow, she still retains an innate integrity—and a childhood dream of a prince and a palazzo.

The dream comes true, only to prove (rather more melodramatically than is strictly necessary) the truth of that ominous (and surely untrue) old adage that it's better to travel than to arrive.

Warren Stevens, as the tycoon who discovers Maria in his quest for "a new face" is repellently handsome—cold-eyed and costive-looking. Edmond



Warren Stevens, Edmond O'Brien, Marius Goring and Humphrey Bogart work up the tension in *The Barefoot Contessa*

*Elsbeth Grant**

Miss Gardner

O'Brien is brilliantly odious as a perspiring Press agent. Bogart is excellent, shrewd but cosy, as the man who makes a film star of Maria—and Marius Goring gives a dazzling display of pyrotechnics as the declared playboy who introduces her to "The International Set" on the Riviera.

Mr. Mankiewicz, on the subject of the idle rich, seems to agree with the Dubliner who said "That crowd has only good money and bad manners and as for intelligence, they're not even threatened with it." He has, apparently, a pretty poor opinion, too, of the film industry—but as long as it provides such palatable sweet-and-sour entertainment as this, I have nothing against it. (I hasten to add that I have nothing against the idle rich, either—except, of course, the fact that I am not one of them.)

MILLIONS, I don't doubt, will enjoy *White Christmas* (Plaza), which comes in VistaVision (a new process offering a huge but pleasingly proportioned screen and fine definition in the projected image), and stars Messrs. Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye and the Misses Rosemary Clooney and Vera-Ellen.

For me it was a disappointment. Why clutter up a musical with glimpses of the war and a cumbersome, maudlin story the point of which, if any, appears to be that retired generals have a very dull time?

I have no wish to appear unsympathetic towards the problems of retired generals; I just don't feel that they should be discussed in what was surely intended to be a light-hearted movie.

BING CROSBY and Vera-Ellen—he charming as easily and crooning as creamily as of old (I shouldn't have used that word) and she dancing with even greater *élan* than formerly—put their co-stars in the shade. Miss Clooney, who always strikes me as a damn' nice girl, has little to do but be one—and Mr. Kaye, surely the one unique, inimitable entertainer of his generation, is given only "Choreography" (ravishing burlesque of intense ballet) in which to be himself. Mr. Irving Berlin's new tunes neither offend nor beguile the ear. "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas"... but *this*, I'm afraid, is not it.

* Deputising for Dennis W. Clarke



J. Pearce

YVONNE MITCHELL as she appears in the role of Sonja Slavko, a Yugoslav mother, in the Michael Balcon-Ealing Studios film *The Divided Hearts*. It is the story of a child lost in the cauldron of war, and the problems raised by his adoption.

Gramophone Notes

TOO MUCH FILM MUSIC



HAS the supply of recordings of background music to films major, minor and minimus, reached saturation point? The merry little gremlins of Tin Pan Alley will whisper "NO"; for myself, I state that the answer is very definitely "Yes."

Recently we were regaled with a positive spate of discs devoted to the theme music of *Modern Times*, music which was entirely adequate for a major film, but never anything more than that. When *Modern Times* was originally released no one went into hysterics over the score, yet to-day a campaign, and one out of all reasonable proportions, has been launched to "plug" the music. This kind of thing just isn't on, any more than the hotchpotch of records released of *Waterfront*, *The Caine Mutiny* and *The High and the Mighty* is really on.

The time has arrived when those responsible for this form of home entertainment

should be both selective and discriminating.

It has always paid to have a proper and reasonable sense of values, a point well worth remembering, and the current regularity with which theme tunes are recorded and offered to the public willy-nilly is positively astounding. We all have to live, but for Pete's sake isn't it time we began to live proportionately!

THE latest theme music to be given the gramophone "works" is that from the Jean Gabin film *Touchez-pas au Grisbi*. This consists of two little tunes, "Le Grisbi" and "Grisbi Blues," full of atmosphere and allure, and of much higher quality than most background music. It has been scored for harmonica and trio and is played, as written, with poise and personality, and indeed as in the film, by Jean Wetzel with the Jean Wiener Trio. Of the far too many other versions of "Le Grisbi" may I say just this—*touchez-pas!* (Philips P.B. 342.)

—Robert Tredinnick

COMING-OF-AGE DANCE FOR SIR NICHOLAS NUTTALL

MORE than 150 guests were invited to Lowesby Hall, in Leicestershire, to celebrate Sir Nicholas Nuttall's twenty-first birthday. They were received by Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. Kirkpatrick, his mother, in the White Drawing-Room. Guests danced in the lovely panelled ballroom, beautifully decorated with flowers



*Sitting out for a moment were
Captain Denis Daly and Miss
Camilla Crawley*



*Miss Rosemary Benda, Lady Jennifer
Bernard, elder daughter of the Earl of
Bandon, and Mr. Maxwell Clarke*



*Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Bt., with his mother, Mrs. Kirkpatrick,
and Lt.-Colonel Edward Kirkpatrick, R.E., waiting to receive
the guests in the White Drawing-Room*



*Mrs. Gubbins and Captain Richard Gubbins with
Mrs. Akroyd and Mr. Geoffrey Akroyd sit out in one
of the finely proportioned Georgian rooms*



Mr. Duncan MacLeod, with his back to one of the many fine tapestries, chatting to Miss Caroline Blackett



Mr. Peter Barnard talking to Miss Sally Collier, who was a debutante two years ago



Captain Alick Cubitt discussed the opening meet at Kirby Gale with Miss Ammabell Pennington



Mrs. P. Fairhurst with Colonel Arthur Gemmell, who with his wife had been out hunting that day



Clayton Evans

Viscount Hereford, Mr. Alastair Smith-Maxwell, Mrs. Michael Bray and Miss Sally Clive were chatting together after having been to the buffet for a fork supper

Standing By ...

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

PHILLUMENISTS—members of the British Matchbox-Label and Booklet Society to you—are terribly ashamed of British matchbox-labels, a leading collector confessed to one of the Fleet Street boys at their annual exhibition, in London the other day. When you realise that the Spaniards have been known to decorate matchboxes with etchings after Goya. . . .

Our personal interest in matchboxes ended on the day when the late Mr. Kreuger, the Swedish Match King, evaporated with all his dividends in a puff of smoke. Nevertheless we think something should be done. You cry that there must be plenty of R.A.s who would gladly dedicate themselves to this branch of art. Our information is that on being confronted with the two standard Primitives (School of Giotto) adorning British matchboxes already—we refer to the Noah's Ark and the Ironclad—they realise their tonal limitations in terms of re-entrant dynamo-static planes objectively imposed on the visual dominant. In other words, the boys don't draw very well. Their wellknown habit of concealing the legs of Highland cattle in long grass demonstrates this at every Academy, and they feel this technical defect deeply.

Contemporary art being out, we'd suggest the careful reproduction of past masterpieces combining plastic beauty with emotional appeal. The Newfoundland in Landseer's *Please, Ponto, Don't Lick Grandma!*, for example, swept the Race off its feet in 1869. On a matchbox it might prove the British phillumenist's answer to the world; who knows?

Getaway

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound cried: "Boatman, do not tarry! And I'll give thee a silver pound to row us o'er the ferry!" The speaker was the Chief of Ulva, eloping in a storm with Lord Ullin's daughter. A silver pound (Scots) was equal in value to an English shilling.

This historic elopement, combining passion with economy, should (we thought) have been quoted by a Sunday paper authority discussing one or two recent cases. To elopers with moderate incomes it seems to us most inspiring. Had Ullin's clansmen not been close behind, Ulva could probably have got the boatman down to sixpence in half an hour. His bride-elect seems to have had no money at all. For this reason we would more strongly recommend,

if feasible, the later precedent of Lord Westmoreland, who eloped with the only daughter of Mr. Child, of Child's Bank. This involved shooting the two front horses of Mr. Child's pursuing postchaise, but as Miss Child was stiff with dough it would probably not have mattered if his lordship had had to shoot the postilions and coachman as well. ("Put 'em on the bill, fellow.") Economy was no factor here.

Bankers' only daughters being more rare nowadays, the Ulva-Ullin case is of more immediate value. You naturally ask whether Ulva's boatman stopped halfway across, as boatmen will, and tried to stick the Chief for 2/6. As all three were unfortunately drowned, students of economics will never know, alas.

Shock

SPIFFING hols. were the grand topic of the day at a celebrated College for Ladies at the end of the winter term, 1854, when eminent Miss Buss threw her famous bombshell (an educationist tells us), spreading consternation amid the happy girlish throng. Hardly less trouble seems likely to be started by a chap complaining to Auntie Times that although his wife, mother-in-law, sister, and two daughters all received an impeccable education ("including the elements of cricket") at Roedean, their ignorance of Rugby football is deplorable.

Miss Buss's platform-cry, "La Beale's passion for Rugger is launching British public-school girlhood headlong down the drain!" naturally evoked a dignified protest from her fellow-pioneer in women's higher education. Opening exchanges:

MISS BEALE: Pray, Miss Buss, kindly do not confine your observations to the imminent hols.

MISS BUSS: I am compelled, Miss Beale, to animadvert on the startling loss of poise displayed on the Rugger field by ladies kicked in the shorts, or finding their noses rubbed in the mud.

MISS BEALE: Such as, Miss Buss?

MISS BUSS: Such, Miss Beale, as Big Myra Fauncethorpe of the Sixth.

MISS BEALE: "Mucky" Fauncethorpe! A veritable hoyden from the word go!

MISS FAUNCETHORPE: Pardon me, Miss Beale, her Papa is a Bart.

Sequel

DURING the ensuing discussion Miss Beale frankly admitted the gulf between Rugger theory and practice: "It is unfortunate," she remarked, "that ladies cannot tackle, give



"When winter comes, old Man,
—can spring be far behind?"

the 'dummy,' touch down or convert a try without losing something of that natural and nonchalant grace with which British public-school girlhood is amply dowered. Here, I confess, ladies, La Buss rings the bell." Tea was then served in the Governors' Room and practical Rugger was later struck out of the curriculum. But surely expensively-educated girls should be able (as the chap above implied) to give the proper bellows and howls from the stand?

Slipup

CHARLES LAMB's cottage, "Button Snap," near Buntingford, Herts., where a plaque has just been put up—probably because Lamb never lived there—has a personal interest for us. On at least half a dozen occasions we very nearly visited it with our much-loved E. V. Lucas, who knew more about Slogger Lamb than anyone on earth.

Each time, unfortunately, Lucas refused at the last moment to take us because we weren't in the right frame of mind. "No man who consistently confuses Charles Lamb with Charles Peace," Lucas would say firmly, "gets anywhere near Button Snap with me." The confusion was perhaps natural, both thinkers having been noted for their conviviality and charm. Another slip of the kind still gets us "in Dutch" with the purists. Though we once lived an entire summer in Blake's cottage in Sussex, and actually saw a fairy's funeral like the one Blake saw in the garden, we still say instinctively "Sexton Blake" when we refer to that experience.

Highbrow reaction to this, we find, is that of one bitten by a snake; but if we fail to convince our highbrow that William ("Sexton") Blake was a sparetime detective (and barmy at that), we can always bowl him over with a detailed first-hand account of the fairy funeral. In Blake's time, incidentally, the Fox Inn (nearly opposite) stayed open till midnight. No connection with the fairies, or not much, but anyway interesting.

BRIGGS



—by Graham



Masters of the Palette

by Baron

"P.R.A."

SIR GERALD KELLY, President of the Royal Academy since 1949, takes his duties with the lighthearted seriousness which is proper to an Old Etonian. Yet, as those who listen to radio can recall, he can on occasion be quite as forthright as his immediate predecessor in office. He has been responsible for many important State portraits and at seventy-five is probably the perfect example of the academic Court painter who has kept his artistic integrity despite his eminence and his success



REFLECTING THE BALLET'S GOLDEN AGE

Birth of a new art recalled
at the Diaghilev Exhibition

SERGEI DIAGHILEV, giver of the ballet as a major art form to Europe, is now being honoured in London by an exhibition at Forbes House, S.W.1, of his life's work. It was opened by the Countess of Harewood, who is seen above with the Hon. Mrs. David Astor, and Mrs. Morton Evans.



Mr. Donald Douglas stopped for a word with Mr. Gerald Richards and Miss Jocelyn Rickards



Miss Jean Dawnay and Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander, daughter of Viscountess Kemsley, in the Coffee Room



Listening to the speeches: the Hon. J. J. Astor, M. J. A. Gandarillas (Chilean Embassy) and Mme. Carlano



Mme. Karsavina, one of Diaghilev's greatest ballerinas, speaking in front of the "Sleeping Beauty" setting on the main staircase. The Exhibition, first seen at the Edinburgh Festival, is being sponsored in London by "The Observer"



Mr. Michael Renshaw and Mr. Derek Hill escorted Mme. Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador



M. Serge Lifar, Maitre de Ballet of the Paris Opera, with Miss Brenda Pool, Assistant Director, I.C.A.



Dr. S. G. Svenson with his wife (Miss Beryl Grey, the ballerina), Lady Wilson and Sir Stuart Wilson

Van Hallan

The Music Of Hounds

At Kirby Gate

HAVING recently celebrated its bicentenary, the Quorn's opening meet at Kirby Gate was the occasion of much justified congratulation. The field included Mr. de Lisle and Capt. Bagnall (below), and (right) Mrs. A. S. Gemmell and Lt.-Col. G. E. Bouskell-Wade



Clayton Evans

On Buying A Farm

A STRANGE HOMECOMING

BETWEEN the dream and the reality; between the motion and the act; falls the shadow. Was it John Drinkwater, in a play which does not deserve to have been forgotten?

I quote it, though I find it an extremely difficult phrase to punctuate, because my life these past few months has been full of shadows between. Now, at last, the dream is a reality, the motion an act. We are in our farm. We own a piece of the earth's surface.

The shadow that haunted Drinkwater's Abraham Lincoln bears some analysis. It is a moment of decision. Our road through life is an unending Zebra-crossing, littered with shadows of decisions. Not the great imperial highways of destiny, but our own little paths, narrow and deep-rutted, bearing faint imprints of eternity none the less.

This way or that way? Up or down? Do or don't? Yes or no? To be or not to be? Those are the questions, and we pass through their shadow with every revolution of the

earth. They are our great moments of decision. And what do they turn out to be? Meek moments of indecision after all.

Thus we came into East Anglia. After seven times folding our tents completely (and once or twice silently stealing away) in the past eight years it is like coming home from a long journey, albeit in a strange land.

THERE is a vastly foreign air about all East Anglia. It is in everything here—in stones, and brooks that do not run but move motionless to a flat sea; in square churches constructed first as a fortress against the devil and the powers of darkness, with the steepled tribute to an episcopalian God stuck on only as an additional precaution; and I have felt it most in the outlandish sound made on the East Anglian air by the homely tones of Lancashire and the shrewd, sharp vowels of the East End.

It may be a homecoming, but I find it as full of the anticipation of the unfamiliar as a landfall on an unknown shore.

And now, from these lofty and rather vaporous clouds of thought let us come down to earth;



the good, sodden, befogged earth of England in November. It is a safe bet that we will find all the inhabitants, including the ones who normally only talk about share prices, discussing football and Russia. (Strange how often we have to talk about Russia, whatever else we may be talking about.) If England were to die now I think you would find engraved upon her heart—in at least "48-point," which is very large type—the words WHAT IS WRONG WITH ENGLISH FOOTBALL?

FLEET STREET sports editors will feel it deeply if an answer to that one is ever found, for it has enabled them to go home early at least once a week during the past five years. Unfortunately, I can supply the answer. And in one word . . . speed. Or, rather, the lack of it.

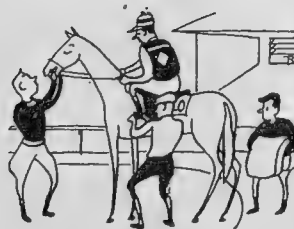
I wonder how many players in all the England sides we have had recently could run the 100 yards in eleven seconds or better. This is not an idle thought. The "long, thorough pass" that everybody is raving about, the one that "splits the defence wide open"; it is nothing but a race for the ball. And nine times out of ten the England player loses the race. Nine-tenths of possession and you can forget about the law.

The only other contribution I have to make to this argument is that you've got to be able to run as fast at the end of the match as at the beginning. Now pray select a first-class football team. As for me, I must away back to my ducks.

—ROBERT CRISP

At The Races

THE FORTISSIMO SCALES



THE Cambridgeshire, over the result of which the Official Handicapper ought to be shaking hands with himself, is certainly one of the most strenuous races for any jockey to ride, since this elongated sprint, run over 1 mile 1 furlong, with no landmarks to speak of, increases its difficulty.

For some reason or other it has always been a more popular event with the public than its bigger, but not elder, sister, the Cesarewitch, for both of these Autumn Handicaps were established in the same year, 1839.

I think I am right in saying that the Cambridgeshire of 1863 had a great deal to do with jockeys not being allowed to take their whips into the scales with them. It happened this way. The jockey who rode the winner, Catch 'Em Alive, could not draw the weight, so some kind person, who no doubt had backed the horse, handed him a whip which was said

to be the one he had carried in the race. The Stewards at once came into action and, not very surprisingly, said that no jockey who had not taken his whip into the scales with him could have it, or another, handed to him after he was in them.

STRANGE to say, when the next jockey got into the scales he, like the winner's jockey, failed to draw the weight. This put the Stewards on immediate notice, and on examination it was discovered that the scales had been tampered with, and that some industrious artist had been monkeying about with some bits of lead on the weight side. Catch 'Em Alive was at once reinstated, for it was evident that his jockey would have drawn the weight but for the little bit put in against him.

Catch 'Em Alive was a hot favourite; the placed horses were "any price." With the old pattern of scales an impudent bit of knavery like this was not so very difficult to carry out;

but with the modern type it is naturally impossible.

I have no doubt that many people can remember many cases which are very like this one. In a book by a celebrated ex-jockey he frankly relates how upon one occasion he managed to put one toe on the floor and so save himself from being many pounds overweight. There was another case in which I was personally concerned, because I rode the third horse, in which the trainer of the second one came bouncing down from the stands yelling out "We've won!" Sure enough, the winner was disqualified for being at least 7 lb. overweight and it raised a pretty big scandal! How did that scoundrel know?

BUT for the intervention of Herr Hitler, who destroyed all international polo, nothing was more certain than that our new First Sea Lord would, in 1940 or thereabouts, have been invited to play for England in the next series against America. That was practically decided in 1936, when Lord Louis's Royal Navy team was so unlucky in the final of the Inter-Regimental. There was no doubt that the sailors were then the best team in the whole shooting match. Many congratulations to their skipper on his latest great appointment.

—SABRETACHE



Wylve Valley Hunt's Opening Meet

THIS Wiltshire pack, which looks forward to a very busy season, had its first meet at Stockton. Left is the Duchess of Newcastle, the Master, who had returned from New York only the previous day, and below are her two very interested small daughters, Lady Kathleen and Lady Patricia Pelham-Clinton-Hope



Morris

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM has recently come on his customary winter visit to London from his Riviera home, the Villa Mauresque, St. Jean, Cap Ferrat, where this photograph was taken last summer. The works of Mr. Maugham, whose latest book is reviewed below, have recently been the subject of a six-weeks Festival by the B.B.C.



A. G. Chappelow

Book

Reviews

by

Elizabeth

Bowen

MAUGHAM ON VALHALLA

TEN NOVELS AND THEIR AUTHORS, by Somerset Maugham (Heinemann; 21s.) is, I find, a refreshing sweeping-away of nonsense on the subject of the novel, by a master entitled to speak out. If anything's the matter with the novel these days, it's a matter of what is the matter with the novelist—and the only thing that can be the matter with a novelist (that is, from the point of view of the public) is the inability to write quite such a good novel as he or she should. "Is the aim of the novel," Mr. Maugham asks, in his introductory chapter (rhetorically, for he well knows the answer), "to instruct or to please?" It may be because so many novelists in these days have opted for the instructive side—or, at any rate, are eager to diagnose what appear to be the evils of our age—that the poor thing seems to be putting up such a joyless show, or that so many critics proclaim its funeral.

MR. MAUGHAM knows that if a novel does not please—that is, if, however tragic its theme, it does not still produce within the reader a sensation that is in the main agreeable—it has failed. On page 12, he puts his cards on the table—saying outright what are the qualities which,

in his view, a good novel should have. This chapter, entitled "The Art of Fiction," should be read not only by those who hope to write but by those who hope to enjoy themselves when they read.

THE ten novels selected here for discussion comply, each in its own way, with what has been set down. They all, also, come under the heading of "the world's great novels": in fact, they are classics. Four are English—*Tom Jones*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *David Copperfield*, *Wuthering Heights*. Three are French—*Le Rouge et le Noir*, *Le Pere Goriot*, *Madame Bovary*. Two are Russian—*The Brothers Karamazov* and *War and Peace*. One is American—*Moby Dick*. These are, as you will recognise, all famous; around each one, library-fuls of criticism has gathered. Mr. Maugham's book is a stimulating—though also alarming—innovation: in each case, with the novel he links its author. And for those who regard "great" authors as occupying a Valhalla of their own, he may be found somewhat iconoclastic.

For the effect is, that he leaves these ten authors—that is, as human beings—hardly a foot to

stand on. Henry Fielding and Balzac (I'm glad to say) come out of it best. But the other eight unfortunates stay on view as snobs, neurotics, personal exhibitionists, would-be but unsuccessful amorists, psychological "queers," egotist cranks. Mr. Maugham is not really being so cruel as I may make him sound: all he points out is in support of his argument (or, at any rate, so I read it) that (a) a great novel is a sort of levelling-up with life on the part of an otherwise subsidiary human being; and (b) that the novel actually profits by, and draws strength from, its author's inherent malformities and weaknesses.

The effect on me of *Ten Novels and Their Authors* is, that I cannot wait to read these ten novels again—but also, that I never again wish to meet a novelist—that is, with the exception of Mr. Maugham!

★ ★ ★

COMMANDO EXTRAORDINARY, by Charles Foley (Longmans; 15s.), which tells, for the first time in full, an amazing story concerning the exploits of Otto Skorzeny, a soldier, is taken to represent the revival of the personal element in warfare. This is a study of the ultimate secret weapon—Man.

There may be civilian readers to whom Skorzeny is hardly more than a name, so fast, indeed, does water flow under bridges that they may not at once recall who the man was. If so, *Commando Extraordinary* will be an eye-opener. For those who took part in the war, and on whose activities Skorzeny's sensational *coups* impinged; and, still more, for those who on the Allied side were his opposite numbers, no reminder is necessary: the importance of this book will at once appear.

Of this semi-fabulous adventurer, Hitler's last hope, it may be said that he came nearer than any other one man to winning the war for Germany. For each exploit he actually carried out, his brain teamed with a dozen others—on the enemy side, he was making commando history: in fact, he *was* commando history. And, throughout, he laid the basis of his success on a study of British Commando operations.

DURING the war, a smokescreen (happily, perhaps, for our peace of mind) enveloped the figure and doings of Hitler's freebooter, the giant young Viennese with the scarred face. Those on our side who knew what he *had* been up to were not the ones to talk—nor could they foresee what he might be up to next. He was (which they could admire) unpredictable. When the war was over, Skorzeny, having been tried for war-guilt by the Americans and sensationally acquitted, vanished out of a limelight which he had never sought; indeed, his elusiveness was in itself enough to set up a second legend. Finally traced to Madrid by Mr. Foley, he proved friendly, easy, ready to talk.

Skorzeny! Here was the author of the melodramatic Mussolini escape. Here was the capturer of Horthy from the Budapest Castle fortress at the moment when the Hungarian dictator was known to be vacillating towards a peace with Russia. And here, most of all, was the leader of the "disguised brigade" behind the American lines—the instigator of the confusion, suspicion and disarray which, by slowing down the American advance, added to the duration of the war.



Continued on page 449



Dr. Bannister and Mr. Chataway were here awaiting the arrival of their hundred guests

RUNNING TRIO GAVE SUCCESS PARTY

TO mark the end of a remarkable season for British athletics, Dr. Roger Bannister, Mr. Christopher Chataway and Mr. Christopher Brasher gave a party in London to University team-mates and others



Mr. Peter Hildreth, former Cambridge and Olympic hurdler, was there with Mrs. Hildreth



Miss Margaret Purcell and Mrs. Barbara Ashcroft had come along to the Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, to help celebrate a triumphant year



Mr. Alan Dick, the Oxford athletic Blue and triple event winner in the 1953 inter-varsity sports, with Miss Pam Hills and Miss June Pigou



Mr. K. S. Duncan, M.B.E., secretary of the British Olympic Association, Mrs. Steel and Mr. D. G. Steel, Hon. Secretary of the Achilles Club—the Oxford and Cambridge athletic club

Desmond O'Neill

"ONE WITH THE HEATHER, AND

Focus of an easy, countrygoing kit is this shrewdly - thought - out jacket

THIS golfer cardigan made of almond green botany wool is a new model from Lyle & Scott. It is an adaptable garment, soft and warm and all ready to be slipped on as a jacket over a thin blouse or it can be worn as a jumper buttoned from its pretty scalloped neck to hem and tucked inside the top of the skirt. It costs 3 gns. and can be bought in many very charming colours at all Marshall & Snelgrove's County shops as well as at their London store, from where we have picked the accessories shown with it

—MARIEL DEANS



This brown and white Yorkshire tweed skirt is a button through model and has nicely placed curving pockets on each hip. It costs £4 10s.

A CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

Here is the cardigan worn with a plain but good-looking tan felt sports hat, hog-skin gloves and a tan silk neckerchief. The hat costs 49s. 6d., the gloves, 51s. 6d., and the neckerchief, 14s. 11d.



THE PIPER'S

CALL''





Jean Patou's brown and white heavy tweed dress (above) has a slightly bloused bodice and full sleeves caught into a wrist band. The blue, rather helmet-shaped hat is finished with two long, leaf-shaped ends



Right: Balenciaga makes this flecked black and white tweed suit with its unfitted waistline, short peplum and huge, suede-tied collar. The white fur hat is most delightfully trimmed with a large pink rose



This ruby-red suit of wool brocade that looks like hand knitting is a Hubert de Givenchy model. Two big wool pompons finish off the tie round the wide-necked, round collar

THE PARIS CUT

NOWADAYS (writes Mariel Deans) one often sees a wool fabric that looks like silk, or a silk one that looks like wool, or synthetic stuffs that look like either, and turn out to be made of glass or straw, or wood or some equally unexpected material.

One needs a microscope to be able to tell what is what with any certainty



Bukzin



Dior's stark little mauve wool suit (left) with sweater top, box pleated skirt and beaver edged stole. The flat band inside the scooped neckline helps to flatten the bust. The saucer hat is made to match

Jean Patou again uses a heavy pebble tweed, in fawn and white (above) for the vee-necked jumper of this brown faccloth suit trimmed with beaver. The deep crowned hat is made of same tweed as jumper

IN WOOLLENS

HERE, however, are six models from the Paris winter collections showing wool that looks like wool, used for suits and dresses in pleasant casual styles, that are as warm as they are comfortable. In each case the fabric, sometimes very smooth, sometimes very rough, has been carefully chosen to suit the sophisticated or simple design of each different garment



Very reminiscent of the twenties is this brown ribbed wool dress and straight coat from Jean Patou's Boutique. The full sleeves are drawn into a narrow cuff. Collar and hat of beaver

SO PRACTICAL FOR WORK

Outfits that, seen from any angle,
speak of fitness for dual purpose

WE show here four outfits that will settle most happily into any office routine. Suitably functional and businesslike, they are also absolute winners from the fashion angle, guaranteed to produce the right sort of envy in female colleagues and admiration from male ones. As all these clothes add a very reasonable price ticket to their other charms, we are departing from our usual secretive habits and tell you in each case their approximate price

—MARIEL DEANS



Dereta's dark grey, all wool pile-cloth coat has a large grey Persian lamb collar. This extremely warm and comfortable coat, which is just right for all day and every day wear, costs 15 gns. and comes from Fenwicks, of Bond Street. The emerald-green velour hat is a Connor model



A wonderfully useful casual tweed suit by Mornessa, in black and white pebble tweed with a knitted yoke, cuffs and vertical pockets of black ribbed wool. Priced at 9½ gns., it comes from Debenham and Freebody's Twenty's Budget Shop

YET WHOLLY CHIC




Chadwick and Hill make this beautifully cut frock in dark, clerical-grey worsted. Starkly simple, it is a dress with enough authority to be worn without decoration, or it can be dressed up in a hundred different ways. It costs about 9½ gns. and is stocked by Jenners, of Edinburgh


Linzi's gay, emerald-green worsted wool jersey dress with its huge ribbed wool collar that can be worn up or down comes from Bourne and Hollingsworth and costs only £5 9s. 6d.

Photographed at the National Cash Register Offices by Michael Dunne

“... Eternal Eventide of Gems”




A teardrop effect gives the final touch of beauty to the “Buenos Aires” necklet at £12 10s., bracelet £12 10s., and cluster ear-rings £8 5s.



The lovely city of Rio de Janeiro inspired the name for this ensemble of necklet (£12 10s.), bracelet (£12 10s.) and brooch (£8).

HERE we illustrate some beautiful examples of jewellery from the Dior winter collection, worn by models at the recent dress show given in aid of the British Red Cross Society at Blenheim Palace, Woodstock. They can be had at most of the leading stores in London and the provinces

—JEAN CLELAND



The boldly designed “Bar-ranquilla” quartet, whose prices are: full necklet £15 15s., bracelet £10 10s., crescent brooch £6 6s., stud ear-rings £7 7s.



Heart-shaped motif—with a (literally) new twist—distinguishes the "Buena-ventura" set: the necklet costs £20, bracelet £9 10s., small brooch £1 17s. 6d.

Shopping List

HOT CHOCOLATE IN FINE CHINA

SOME time ago, at one of the dress collections by a top *couturier*, hot chocolate was served to the audience as a change from the usual coffee, cocktails and what have you. This proved so popular that it has fast become a fashionable drink, and has inspired the firm of Spode-Copeland to design some special china, which they call the "Chocolate Service."

Bigger than "after-dinner" coffee cups, and a little smaller than tea cups, this set, with its graceful looking chocolate jug, sugar bowl and milk jug, is unique and should delight the hostess who likes something out of the ordinary. Each piece has the famous Herring hunting design in lovely soft colours, and the entire set costs £5 18s. 6d. It is obtainable from The General Trading Co. Ltd., 1 Grantham Place, W.1.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the most useful things I have seen in the shops for some time is a "Hanging-Travel Wardrobe." In addition to being useful, it is a prize bargain. Made of laminated plastic (dustproof and waterproof)

it measures 60 in. by 24 in. wide, has a full-length zip fastener and holds five coat hangers. If you are travelling by car, this hanging wardrobe provides a wonderful way of taking dresses without any creasing and without the bothersome business of folding with reams of tissue paper and putting them into a suitcase. It costs only 54s. 6d.; is stocked by Derry and Toms.

★ ★ ★

TALKING of dresses and travelling, I have found a really excellent little electric featherweight iron called the "Travella," which claims to be different from any other travelling iron. Small for convenient packing, this handy little affair has a pre-selector dial control for various materials and a signal light. It also has a bevelled sole for the easy ironing of pleats and for getting close to buttons.

For freshening up clothes after a journey, the "Travella" is a boon and a blessing and saves all the tiresome business of borrowing an iron when you arrive at your destination. What if your clothes are a little crushed? You can easily settle that with the "Travella" which costs 67s., complete with hide case, and is obtainable from Harrods.



Decoration of the graceful Spode chocolate set is based on J. F. Herring's spirited hunting scenes



The "Travella" iron has all the refinements of its large "stay at home" relatives

Beauty

BACKGROUND FOR JEWELS

EVENING dress and jewels are increasingly in evidence in the theatres, the smart restaurants and the night clubs, adding romance and glitter to the music, the dancing and the revelry. What a welcome change from the drab practicality of the past years, when a serviceable dress or suit did duty for day and evening, and reduced everything—pleasure and work—to a dead level

JEWELS in particular are in the limelight, and not for a long time have they been seen in such dazzling variety. Precious and semi-precious stones are assembled with superb craftsmanship, in exquisite colours and designs, to offset the elegance of evening gowns and give sparkle to lovely necks and bare shoulders.

Alas, neck and shoulders are not always as perfect a background to these jewels as we could wish. A lingering tan, left over from the summer perhaps, gives a slightly dingy look to the skin, and even when this is not so, a certain amount of discoloration is often caused by the heavy coat collars and furs which we wear during the winter.

This, however, can all be put right with a little concentrated care and attention, and is well worth the small amount of time and trouble involved.

Before going to bed at night, devote a few minutes to firm massage with a rich skin food mixed with a little muscle oil. Start underneath the chin, and smooth the mixture in with long downward strokes, sweeping out along the collar bones on either side towards the shoulders.

On alternate nights follow the massage with a bleaching cream, rubbing it well in and allowing a little to remain on until the morning. If you blot off the surplus cream with a paper tissue, almost no stickiness will be left to get on to the sheets or nightdress.

In the morning, take a pad of cotton-wool shaped like an egg, wring it out in cold water and then saturate with tonic or, if you have an oily skin, with astringent. Hold one end of the pad, and then pat as briskly as possible, from the base of the neck up to the chin, all the way round, until the skin is glowing and slightly pink.

There is nothing better than this for improving the colour and generally reviving the whole look of the skin. By firming the underlying muscles, and stimulating the circulation, this very simple daily treatment helps to banish any crepiness (which often affects the throat as we grow older) and keeps the neck rounded and smooth.

IN addition to this night and morning treatment, the skin can be whitened and reconditioned still further by spreading on a bleaching mask, which can be done once or twice a week for a time. Masks of this kind are made ready for use at home, and should be used for the neck in the same way as for the face. Cleanse the skin thoroughly first, then spread on the mask. Allow it to dry—which usually takes about ten to fifteen minutes, then rinse off with tepid water. To avoid any drying effects, follow with a few minutes massage with skin food.



In Christian Dior's "Montevideo" set rich tortoiseshell is set in gilt and highlighted with brilliants. The styling is reminiscent of fine Victorian jewellery. Prices, pear-drop necklet £12 10s., bracelet £8 15s., curl ear-ring £3 3s.

The dieting which most women go in for these days sometimes results in hollows at the base of the neck and in collar bones and shoulder blades that are too sharp and too prominent. This is not attractive in evening dress, nor does it display jewels to the best advantage. Many people have asked whether anything can be done to fill out this particular area without putting on weight all over the body. The answer is "yes," but it is a fairly long-term policy, and not something that can be done in a hurry.

There are on the market some excellent flesh-forming creams which are really beneficial if used faithfully and regularly over a period of time. One which I know to have proved effective is Elizabeth Arden's "Adona" Cream. It can be used on the neck, shoulders, arms and the bust, and should be massaged in each night according to the directions.

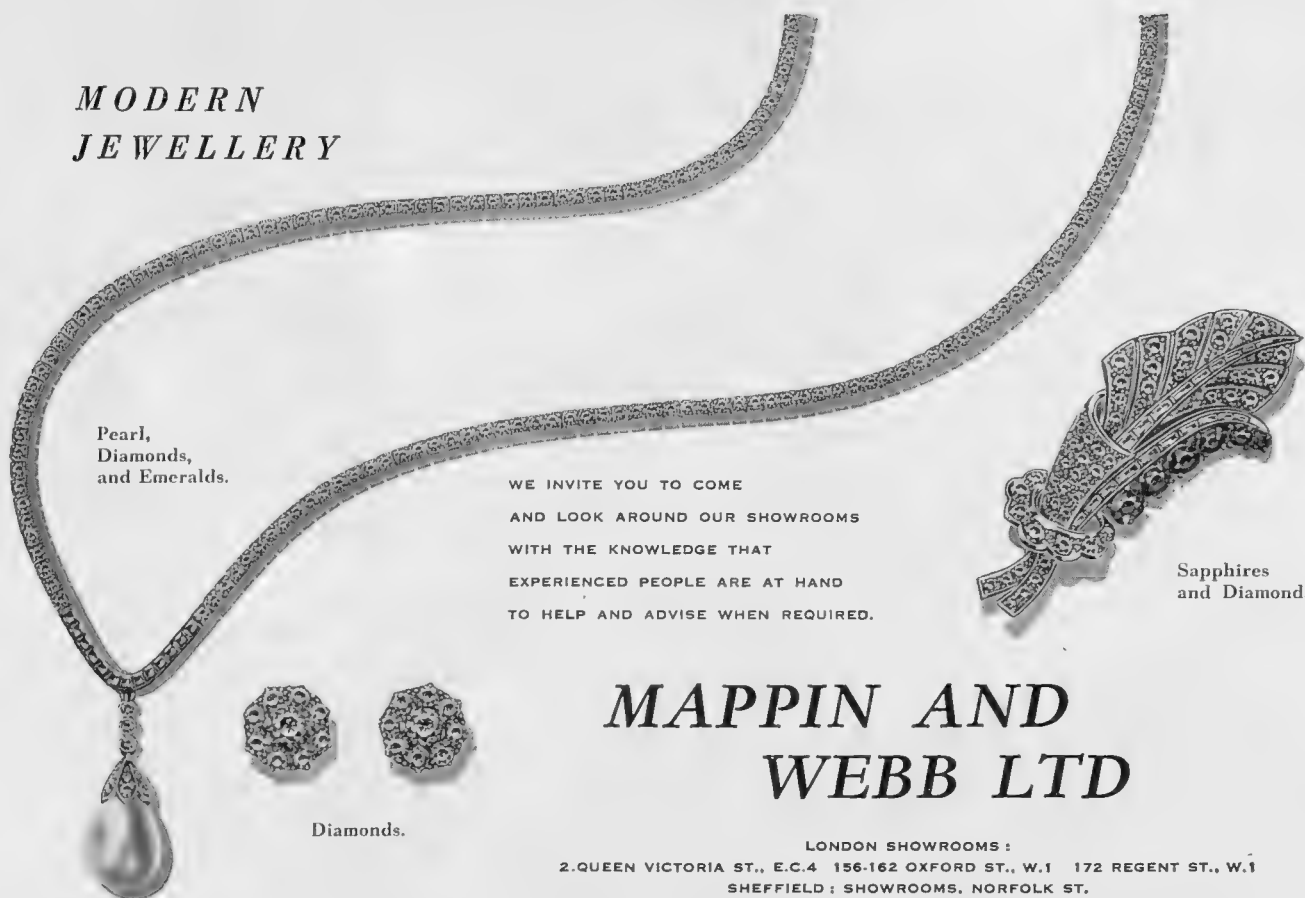
As well as these flesh-forming creams, there are some special exercises which are of great value for improving the base of the neck and for rounding sharp angles. They take very little time—just a minute or so night and morning, or at any time of the day when you have a few moments to spare. Here are two, given to me by an expert on this subject, and from results I have seen they really are worth trying:

1. Stand erect, thrusting shoulders forward as far as possible. As you do this, turn head to the left and you will feel the pull all along the collar bone and the shoulders. Now pull shoulders back as far as possible, turning the head to the right. Repeat a dozen times.
2. Stand erect with arms raised at the sides, shoulders level, backs of the hands up and palms facing the floor. Twist both hands round to the right until the palms are facing up. Then twist in the opposite direction as far as possible.

—JEAN CLELAND



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successfully.



MOTORING

Oliver Stewart

Half-Car Fulfils Double Role



BIG cars have little cars within their garages beside them; and little cars have lesser cars and so *ad infinitum* . . . or, at any rate, to the Cycle and Motor Cycle Show which annually succeeds the motor show at Earls Court. The point is that the owner of a big car is often thankful to have a small car on call. One of the most distinguished ornaments of British motor sport is the owner of one of the most distinguished British sports cars; but he uses one of those small prewar type Fiats for getting about in London.

It is a warning that those administrators and executives who seek to relate car size and price to "income groups" are failing to see the whole of the picture. The motor cycles at Earls Court interest me because motor cycles have given me in the past the joy of translational movement at its peak. There is a pleasure to be found simply in going along on a motor cycle, and it cannot be reproduced by any other kind of vehicle; land, sea or air. But of more immediately practical interest are the motor scooters and the diminutive motor cars with motor cycle engines.

THESE can be looked upon either as auxiliary transport vehicles for station and shopping work, or as steps towards the larger, more expensive motor car. I was well impressed, for instance, by the 1955 model of the Bond Minicar which Col. C. R. Gray introduced at the Waldorf. The price has been brought down and the finish has been improved. The standard model now costs, with tax, £259 15s., and the de luxe model about £25 more. I think it is the only three-wheeler of its kind with front wheel drive and three forward speeds.

Some wonder whether the absence of reverse is a serious drawback; but the fact is that with a steering lock of 180 degrees and front drive the car can be turned in its own length—a fact demonstrated in a room at the Waldorf to the astonishment of the waiters. Plastics are used in the coachwork, but the basic construction is stressed skin, integral

chassis-body. Whether as a step on the way to bigger things or as a transport auxiliary to augment the usefulness of a larger car, the Bond Minicar deserves attention.

I AM personally less keen on scooters than on miniature cars, although those who visit Rome are aware of the value the inhabitants of that city put on them. There is scarcely a Roman without a motor scooter. And it has been largely from Italy, or at any rate from the Continent, that our more advanced scooter ideas have hitherto reached us. So it was satisfactory to see a home-designed British scooter making its appearance.

It is the Dayton Albatross which Mr. Frederick Durman decided to place on the market when he found that foreign-designed scooters were selling already in this country at the rate of 20,000 a year. It is a pleasing looking little machine with a considerable performance—a top speed of sixty-five miles an hour is claimed with a fuel consumption better than eighty miles to the gallon. The price, with tax, is £182 14s.

Although they have nothing to do with the Cycle and Motor Cycle Show it is worth noting here that the so-called "estate car" is also often useful as an aide to the main motor car. Those who live in the country must choose, according to their activities, between a combination consisting of a first line motor car and a miniature car or scooter, and a first line car and an estate car. The doubled-up effect is much the same; but the estate car can be pressed into all kinds of services which are far beyond the scope of the miniature machine. It may be less fun; but it is more practical.

JUST before the Cycle and Motor Cycle Show opened the Avon people introduced their paired tyres for motor cycles. The idea is that the kind of tyre which suits the front wheel of a motor cycle differs from the kind that suits the back wheel. For the front the primary aim must be resistance to side-slip; for the rear, resistance to spin. It is an ingenious and a well reasoned scheme. And



The 1955 BOND MINICAR has a speed of 50 miles per hour and a fuel consumption of 85-90 miles to the gallon

it should be remembered that Avon tyres have been used so extensively in racing that the company must have assembled much practical knowledge about what it needs to keep upright on a motor cycle in adverse conditions. I think that the paired tyre idea will gain fairly wide acceptance.

EVENTS turning out as they did, I regretted not having been able to go to the Grand Prix at Barcelona. I had been waiting throughout the season for a chance to inspect the new Lancias and to try to judge their capabilities. And that chance came at Barcelona when I was far away. Ascari showed that the speed is in the new Lancias. A friend tells me that Ascari's fastest lap was a fantastic spectacle, with the master working hard to handle the car's capabilities. But the trustworthiness is not there as yet. It will be there some time in the next season and then Mercedes and Ferrari as well as Maserati will be forced to take notice.

ON the whole the decision to hold the 1955 British Grand Prix at Aintree may be welcomed. The course is a little more realistic, a little less obviously artificial, than Silverstone. But it is sad that the British Racing Drivers Club, which has done the organizing so well, and the *Daily Express* which has done the sponsoring so generously, should no longer be in the field.

In any case, the responsibility ought to fall upon the Royal Automobile Club. This now farms out the big events and so avoids the onerous task of organization as well as the risk of adverse criticism. And may I remind my readers that the Club has still not replied to my criticisms of its hotel marking. It seems to me a pity that an important organization of this kind should fail to reply to such criticisms, for they are framed as a consequence of the direct representation of responsible people.

Meanwhile more stories come to me telling of bad service and worse food obtained in hotels bearing the R.A.C. sign. It is pleasant, no doubt, to receive large numbers of news items about the good work done by the Club; but it would be more pleasant if legitimate criticisms were answered. But perhaps none of my letters reached the Club. They may all have been lost in the post.

The price of the Wolseley 6-90 saloon was incorrectly stated in The TATLER of November 3. It should have been £1,205 5s. 10d.

The DAYTON ALBATROSS, a handsome and workmanlike production, is heralded as the first all-British motor scooter to be put on the market. This sturdy and good-looking two wheeler offers a strong challenge to imports from the Continent, where the advantage of the scooter has long been recognized.





The famous 3½ litre
‘D’ TYPE JAGUAR
with Dunlop disc brakes,
now joins the
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The JAGUAR Range of Models for 1955



THE TYPE ‘M’ MARK VII 3½ LITRE SALOON

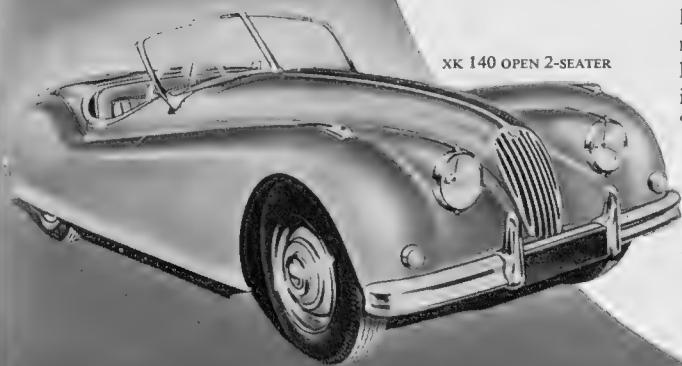
In the 1955 range of models Jaguar present not only added refinements but mechanical advances directly derived from unrivalled international experience in racing, record-breaking and endurance tests.



XK 140 FIXED-HEAD 2-3 SEATER

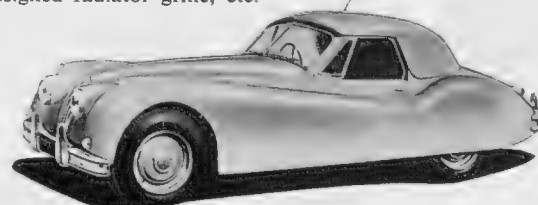
The elegant lines of the Mark VII remain unchanged in the type ‘M’ but the famous XK engine now with high-lift cams has power output raised to 190 b.h.p. providing enhanced performance with characteristic smoothness and silence. Increased diameter torsion bars give even greater riding comfort. New ‘wrap-around’ bumpers afford extra protection. Flasher type indicators, individually adjustable fog lamps and rear lights incorporating reflectors are among new features.

Sports models for 1955 include the famous Jaguar ‘D’ type with Dunlop disc brakes and dry sump lubrication. The XK 140 Fixed-Head close-coupled 2-3 seater, the XK 140 Drop-Head Coupe (now with two extra seats for children) and the XK 140 Open 2-seater are powered by the XK 3½ litre engine now with high-lift cams—developing 190 b.h.p. (Special equipment models are fitted with ‘C’ type engines, wire wheels and fog lamps). New features include:—Rack and pinion steering; increased diameter torsion bars; oil ignition coil; robust ‘wrap-around’ bumpers; re-designed radiator grille, etc.



XK 140 OPEN 2-SEATER

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dealer's to-day*



XK 140 DROP-HEAD COUPE

SOME RECENT ENGAGEMENTS



Dorothy Wilding

Miss Zoe Leighton Seager, younger daughter of Sir Leighton Seager, Bt., and Lady Seager, of St. Mellons, Monmouthshire, is engaged to be married to Mr. Malcolm James Peniston, M.A., of Henbury, Bristol, son of Mrs. M. N. Peniston, of Chesham Bois, Bucks, and of the late Mr. J. E. Peniston



G. Carpenter

Miss Dianne Bell McNicoll, younger daughter of the late Mr. Roy McNicoll, and of Mrs. McNicoll, Westmount, Montreal, Canada, has announced her engagement to Mr. Michael D. Y. Eccles, of Toronto, son of Dr. and Mrs. C. Yarrow Eccles, Carlton Hill, London, N.W.8. They plan to marry next May

Miss Elizabeth M. Westall, daughter of Gen. Sir John and Lady Westall, of Hatch Hill, Kingsley Green, Surrey, announces her forthcoming marriage to Major John Nicholson, Royal Artillery, son of the late Lt.-Col. St. J. R. Nicholson, and of Mrs. Nicholson, of Meadowland, Fareham, Hants



Lenore

Miss Diana Russell Wood, younger daughter of Major H. Russell Wood, of Castle Combe, Wiltshire, and of Mrs. F. N. Lloyd, of Shipton Moyne, Tetbury, Glos, is to marry Capt. Julian C. S. Mills, youngest son of Major and Mrs. J. D. Mills, of Bisterne, Ringwood, Hants



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Books [Continuing from page 434]

The Amateur Touch in Warfare

but Skorzeny met the suspicion and obstructive slowness of the orthodox German war machine. The German General Staff "frowned on all novel ideas, especially by amateurs."

Skorzeny, like so many inspired persons, was, of course, an amateur first and last. Yards of red tape, therefore, hampered his striking power. What he never could understand was failure to grasp at an opportunity, or call it defective timing. *Why*, for instance, did the Allies not profit by the Berlin confusion caused by the July, 1944, attempt on Hitler's life?—he himself, wholly by chance, stepped into virtual command of the German War Office for forty-eight fantastic hours!

SIR ROBERT LAYCOCK, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O., Chief of Combined Operations, 1943-1947, contributes a Foreword to *Commando Extraordinary* ("this ominous book," as he calls it). The Foreword stresses the author's own conclusions: that there could be immense danger in failure to keep abreast in this technique which Britain originated. Is our own weapon, again, to be turned against us? Potential enemy countries are rapid learners. Skorzeny's exploits are more than history: they have an urgent meaning for us *now*.

Mr. Foley's argument, at the end, is towards



LAST THOUGHTS (for a while) of Molesworth, ink-stained hero of "How To Be Topp" (Max Parrish, 6s. 8d.) a continuation of their preparatory school saga by brilliant collaborators Geoffrey Willans and Ronald Searle

revolution in our ideas of warfare—a re-writing, in some cases, of "the rules of war." Chapter XVI pays tribute to our S.A.S.: to the names of Col. David Stirling and his successor, Major Paddy Blair Mayne, are added a number of splendid others. . . . This is a first-rate book; so written that, while it speaks for and to the specialist, it cannot but also appeal to the general reader.

WITH DESTINATION UNKNOWN (Crime Club, Collins, 10s. 6d.) Agatha Christie has departed from the detective story, as she did once before with *They Came To Baghdad*, and given us something more of a "thriller." This great woman, giver of so much pleasure, should be free, Heaven knows, to enjoy her own variations; I prefer her in her more usual vein (in which her genius for splicing crime into blameless British interiors stands out), but I feel that to cavil would be ungrateful.

Her theme in this case (the vanishing scientist) could not be more contemporary: mystery and, inevitably, suspicion, surround the subsequent movements of the wife. To impersonate the wife of a vanished scientist needs nerve, as has our delightful heroine. Morocco scenery and atmosphere (for to Morocco the story takes us) is, in the Christie manner, superbly done. So is the sinister community. . . . And the tension is, needless to say, high.

★ ★ ★

Other Book Suggestions

WIFE TO HENRY V (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.) is a further example of the skill, as historical novelist, of Hilda Lewis. Here we have the temperamental evolution of the queen who was born Catherine of Valois, set against the bright-coloured background of her time.

★ ★ ★

THE PIPE, by Georges Herment (Cassell, 8s. 6d.), is a book by a Frenchman about pipe-smoking. There are pipes and pipes—Mr. Herment studies them all. Sound work, and careful analysis, plus diagrams.

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The TATLER'S Review



Fayer

HILL—RICHARDS

Mr. Terence Lowry Rowland, elder son of Professor G. T. R. Hill, M.C., and Mrs. Hill, of Enagh, Londonderry, was married to Miss Susan Richards, daughter of the late Mr. A. P. Richards and of Mrs. Waterfield, and stepdaughter of Lt.-Col. Waterfield, of Ware, Lyme Regis, Dorset, at Lyme Regis



BIRTWISTLE—BARNEWALL

The marriage took place at the Brompton Oratory of Mr. Anthony Gerard Astley Birtwistle, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Birtwistle, of Hoghton, near Preston, Lancashire, and the Hon. Diana Barnewall, only daughter of Lord Trimlestown, of Knocknagranagh, Dungarvan, Co. Waterford, Eire



TANNER—HOLLIS

Mr. John Tanner, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Tanner, of Saddleworth, Yorkshire, and Dr. Patricia Hollis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Hollis, of Leeds, were married at the Church of St. Mary, Oatlands, Weybridge, Surrey



DRUMMOND—CLAYTON

The wedding of Miss Helen Joy Clayton to Mr. Stanley Turberville Drummond took place at St. John's Church, Buxton, Derbyshire. The bride is the daughter of Mr. H. Clayton and the late Mrs. Clayton, of Greenmoor, Buxton, Derbyshire, and the bridegroom the only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Drummond, of Albert Hall Mansions, London, S.W.7



MORRISON—LONG

Mr. Charles Morrison, son of Major John Morrison, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Morrison, of Fonthill House, Tisbury, Wiltshire, married the Hon. Sara Long, daughter of the late Viscount Long of Wraxall, and of the Countess of Dudley, of Buckingham Place, S.W.1, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

HUGHES—DESMOND

At Malvern Priory, Great Malvern, Mr. Mervyn Norman Hughes, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Horace N. Hughes, of Englested Close, Handsworth Wood, Birmingham, was married to Miss Gena Dawn Desmond, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor M. Desmond, of the Chestnuts, Hanley Castle, Worcs

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A.404. 'Everest' waterproof 15 jewel watch in chrome and stainless steel case. £10.10.



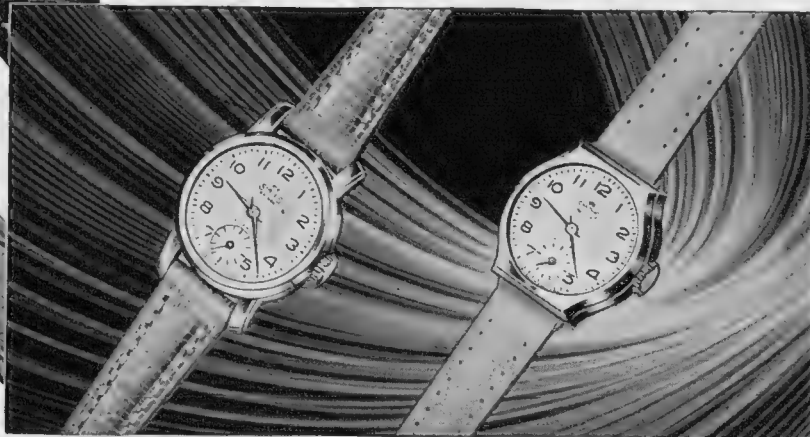
A.504. 5 carat gold 5 jewel watch with raised gilt figures. In presentation case. £22.10.



A.358. Gold plated 17 jewel watch, with raised gilt batons and sweep seconds hand. With bracelet, £11.5.



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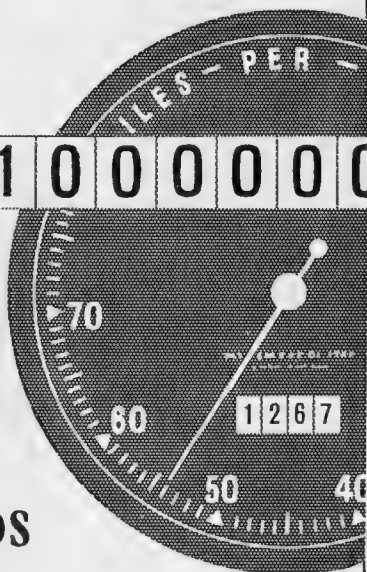
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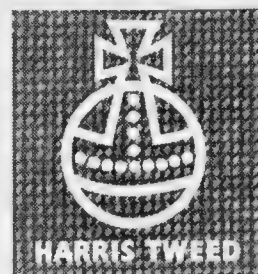


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THE '75'

First of the current series of Rover Models and an established favourite in a score of countries, the Seventy-Five now incorporates an entirely new 6 cyl. engine. Similar in design to that of the successful Ninety, the new engine will further enhance the reputation of the Rover Seventy-Five for high performance with surprising economy.

THE '60'

Recognising that the high standard of Rover design and finish appealed to many motorists to whom low running costs were desirable, the 1954 Rover programme introduced a model with a 2 litre 4 cyl. engine—the immediately popular Sixty. Its exceptionally low fuel consumption is greatly assisted by the special F type cylinder head, exclusive to Rover engines.

The 1955 versions of all three models incorporate a number of new refinements, including a wider rear window, reshaped and fully lined luggage boot and flashing type direction indicators.

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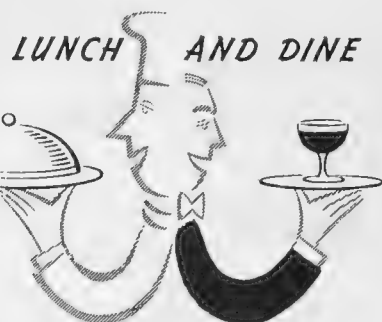
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The Englishman's Guide to Smirnoff Vodka

The Island Race are among the world's most discerning drinkers. They are, however, notably conservative in their tastes, preferring to stick to what they know than experiment with alien beverages of doubtful potency. Believing, however, that Englishmen* should share in the pleasures of cocktail imbibers in other lands, we gladly provide a few facts about the world-famous Smirnoff Vodka.



1. Smirnoff Vodka is a smooth palatable drink, no stronger than your Gin, Whisky or Rum.

2. Smirnoff Vodka is today one of America's most popular drinks, where it is used as the blending spirit for new and established cocktails as well as for long drinks.

3. Smirnoff Vodka makes a most attractive drink taken straight "à la Russe," especially when accompanied by savouries.

4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.

Try Smirnoff instead of Gin in your favourite cocktail. Try a VODKATINI (Smirnoff Vodka and Vermouth mixed in your favourite proportions) and a SCREWDRIVER (Smirnoff Vodka and Orange Juice).

*To say nothing of the Scots, the Welsh and those of the Irish whose pleasures know no frontier.



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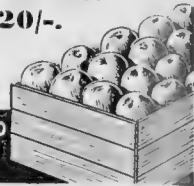
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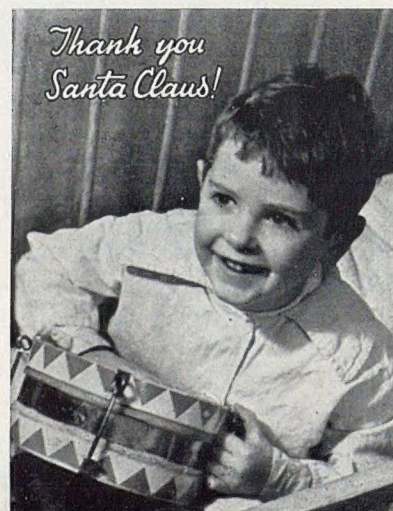
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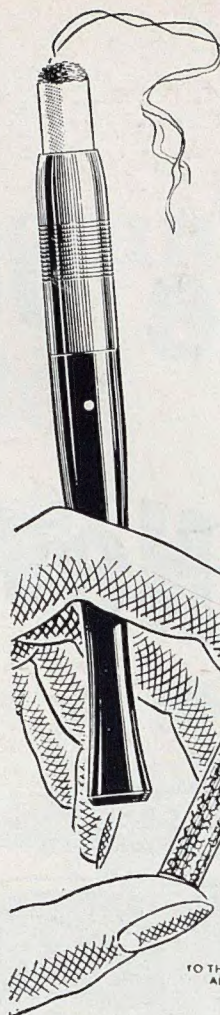
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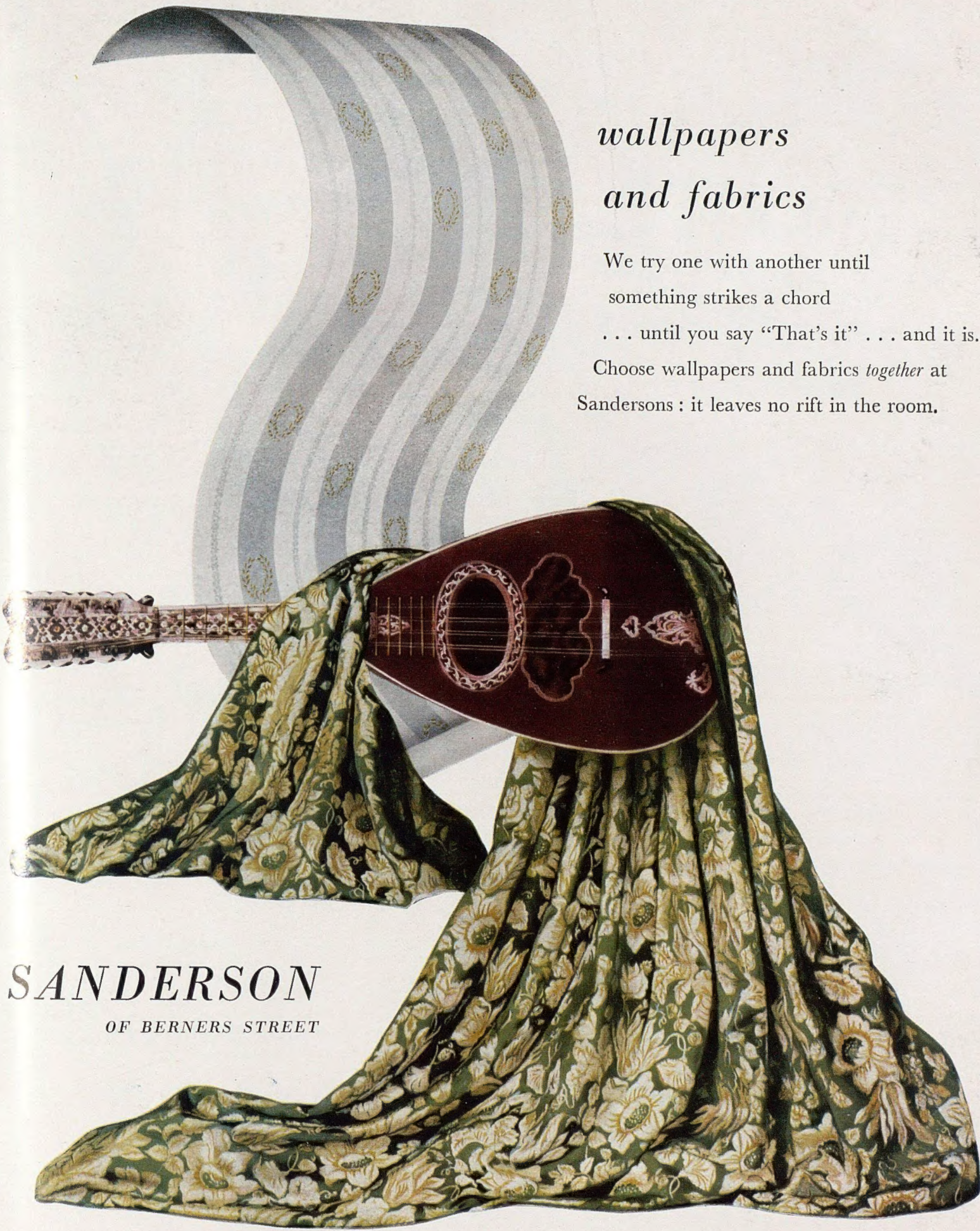


No, darling, he isn't swearing—that's just what the French say when the waiter takes more than two minutes to bring their Lillet. Lillet, darling, Lillet. It's the most heavenly apéritif. You mean to tell me you've never tasted it? Zut, alors, as they say, you must have one at once. Garçon!



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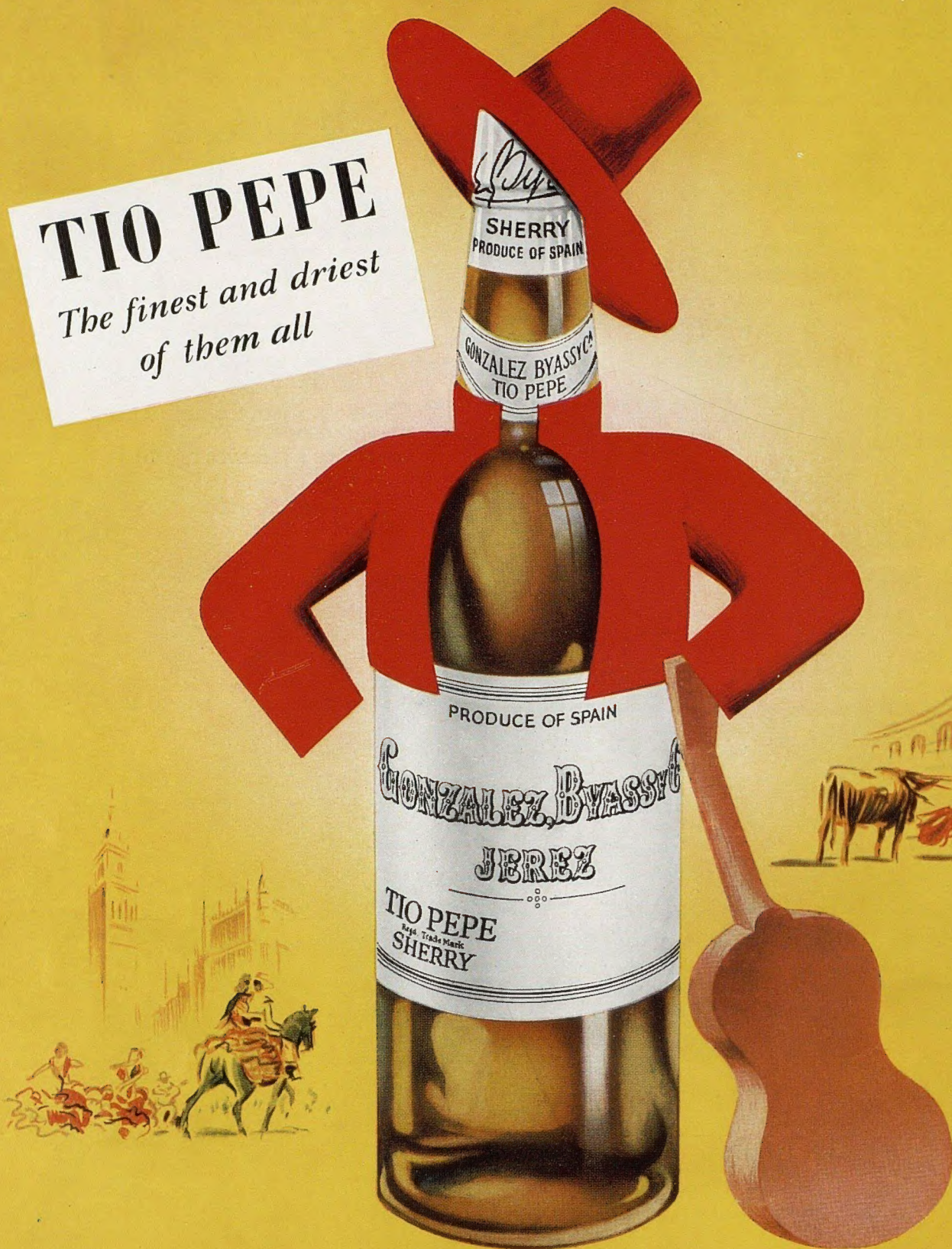
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